

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena.
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." — HEINE.

Dec. Jan 2 1894

The ARENA

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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THE DAY.

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PROBLEMS.
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SILVER IN ENGLAND, BY HON. JOHN DAVIS.
NATURAL MONOPOLIES AND THE STATE, BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

IN THIS ISSUE.

LOVE AND REBELLION

By M. C. KELLER.

A correspondent in a Northern state writes: "What a grand, noble womanhood and moral worth are found in the heroism of mother and daughter, and the faithful slave in his devotion to 'missis an' chillun.' I am a Northerner, and know nothing of the South, its customs, charities, its women and its negroes, but if the mother and daughter in 'Love and Rebellion' represent the Southern women, they are the noblest under the sun. If Martha Caroline Keller has drawn a true picture of the Southern women during the stormy days of the reconstruction era and the civil war, those same women should give that writer unequalled gratitude. Every woman in the South should read the book. 'Love and Rebellion' will become a standard, and will live after thousands of the books of to-day will have perished."

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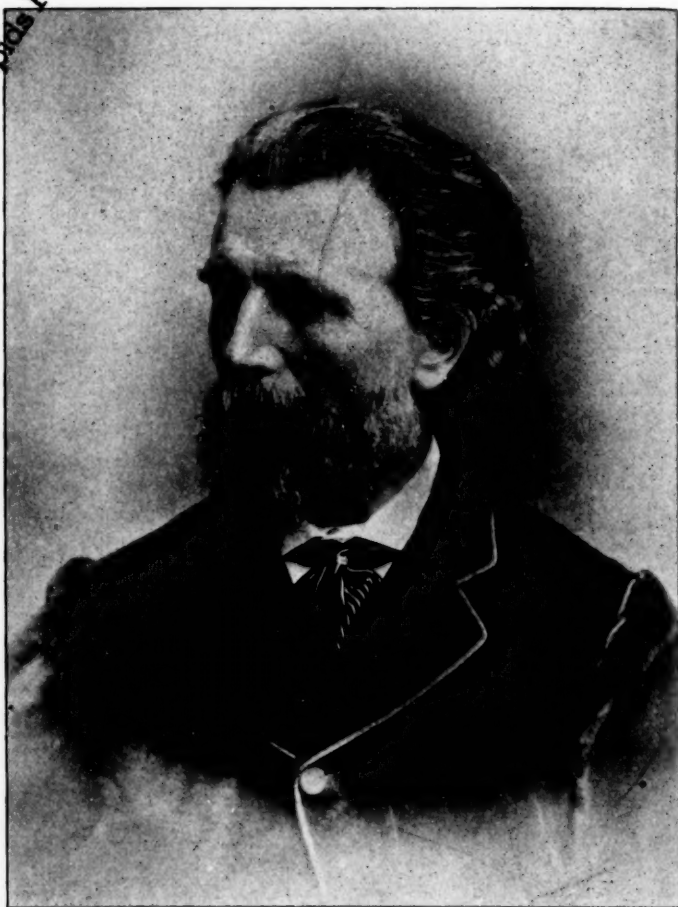
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No. L.

JANUARY, 1894.

THE TRUE EDUCATION AND THE FALSE.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
—*Shakespeare.*

LET me define from the beginning what I mean by true and false education. The literal meaning of the word "education" will serve my purpose. This word is derived from the Latin *educere*, a leading or drawing out. Education means, then, a leading or drawing out of every human faculty. It is this, and nothing less, which I take to be the true education: anything less than this will do as a definition for the negative of my argument. If our common schools, as they exist to-day, tend to lead out every human faculty, they are fulfilling their mission; if, however, the curriculum of these schools does not include the studies which tend to draw out a child's higher nature, we must look upon them, not as institutions of true education, but more as factories where children are taught to make a part of a thing, and where only one part of their nature is developed.

It is **not** my purpose to juggle with words, but to tell you plainly my hope for our public schools, and to say that, instead of thinking of curtailing art, music, and physical training in the round of daily study, we ought to be thinking of ways and means to introduce more thoroughly and largely these studies, which to the clear-eyed Greek were the essentials of education. At the close of "Sesame and

"Lilies" is found the following quotation, which bears directly upon our subject:—

So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plough, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed it is with some, nay, with many, and the strength of England is in them.

So writes John Ruskin, one of the world's great educators. Let us follow out his thought a little, and see if the teaching of reading, writing (I mean chirography, and not composition), arithmetic, as it is drilled into a boy to-day, fits him to take his place among his fellow-men in a world of order, love, and beauty, and to sustain his part cheerfully, bravely, and temperately. It is a common saying to-day that schools are not made for genius; then I say to you that your schools are at fault, and the sooner they are brought into harmonious relation with the genius in every child, the better it will be for them and for the world.

And regarding the creative faculties of your children—who is taking care of these? The age is putting the receptive faculties of the child to their utmost tension, while the creative ones are starved. It is not right, it is not just. What are you doing to develop and preserve the dignity of manual labor? Have you set aside on your playground a site for a carpenter's shop, or a blacksmith's forge, or a chemical laboratory, or a machine shop? Many of our children have a contempt for manual labor, and it is our fault that it is so. The greatest moral teacher in the world was not ashamed to be a carpenter; and Elihu Burritt planned the good of mankind as he stood by his glowing forge. A man never falls so low but that he may be dignified by some kind of manual labor. All this discernment must come, not alone through mathematics, but through a harmonious drawing out of those faculties which bring the child, and later the man, into relationship with his environment. Emerson may well say that "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind"; but are we not alive to-day to grapple with these obstinate things, and to turn them into their own proper paths?

It is a part of the whole wrong thinking about education, that study alone will make a boy great or develop his higher

nature. Phillips Brooks once stopped the writer in the street, and said a man might study until he became a gray-head, and not be great. It was not in the grammar school at Stratford that Shakespeare learned the lessons which were to make him the articulate voice of England. The little Latin and Greek he got there would have made him, at best, but a sorry pedagogue. Still, "no man was ever wise by chance." The whole country round about was his school-house. Some fine spirit led his mind out of the narrow grooves of mere book-knowledge, into the way of looking upon the whole world as his workshop, whether by the dreamy Avon side, in misty vales, by winding hedgerows, or in the stately churchyard—no matter where, the boy learned to bring himself into relationship with every living thing, and to him everything was alive. It was a world of spirit. If the Stratford school did not furnish this order of education, it was not the child Shakespeare's fault.

Let us learn to look upon every child-face that comes before us as a possible Shakespeare or Michael Angelo or Beethoven: believe me, every child that comes up before you has hidden away somewhere in its being this precious capacity for something creative. We must change our attitude toward the common children. When we look upon each as a possible genius, then shall we add new dignity to human life. Wordsworth well said,

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come.

Why do we neglect the words of our poet seers? The artistic world is rejoicing over the discovery in Greece of some beautiful fragments of sculpture, hidden far beneath the *débris* of centuries; shall we not rejoice more richly when we are able to dig down beneath the uncouth surface of the commonest child that comes to us from our great cities, and discover and develop that faculty in him which is to make him fit to live in sobriety and usefulness with his fellow-men? Seeking for these qualities in the child, we shall best conserve, as is done in physical nature, the highest type, until we have raised all human life to a higher level. Then shall we have heaven in our midst.

This is the more possible because of the quick, expansive

material with which we have to deal in our country. We start even in the race of life; we recognize no hampering bonds of priestcraft or tradition. The men who have filled the highest position in our state have come, often, from the lowliest grades in society. The lowliest child has in it something to command our respect. Let us have no more polishing of pebbles and dimming of diamonds. There are no pebbles: we but think so, not having the wit to discern the diamond in the rough.

Let us, then, unfold the whole nature of the child, and not a little corner of it. Let no ridicule deter us from our desire to consider education in its true light. We are to teach these children, or rather to show them, the ways by which they are to make this world spiritually, as well as materially, their own: we are to be practical, but greatly, not meagrely, so. We are to teach them that, before doing great things, they must dream them; that the wonderful bridge that connects the throbbing heart of New York with its sister city, Brooklyn, was first a dream of that eminently practical engineer, Roebling.

We must bring into children's lives every poetic influence, to quicken their minds and develop the æsthetic nature. We speak much of the beauty of holiness — not enough of the holiness of beauty. Sappho sang, "Who is beautiful is good." Under the head of art should be included music — not only singing in chorus, but the hearing of the best music we can obtain. Our popular concerts will do no good, until you bring good music into the common schools. I would have the great violinists come, as they make a tour through our cities and towns, and play to the children. Be assured that the violin, with its appealing, sympathetic voice, will touch something in the child that your book-knowledge can never reach, and the one whom you have considered the dullard of the class may be awakened and produce music for which the world is hungry. Many great artists would come for the mere asking. Great artists are magnanimous: in their hearts they would rather play and build for your children than for all the money you may pile up before them.

Suppose you go on filling your children with the things that are falsely called the rudiments or bases of education: will arithmetic fortify the youth against the temptations of the world? Will any amount of reading make him great-

hearted? Our honest Longfellow claimed for him the right to see and share in the beauty of the universe.

We tell the child how big this world is, but how much do we show him of its wondrous beauty? Will he not turn upon us some day for this cruel negligence, for our contempt of the highest in him? Is not every murder, every crime against the community, a criticism upon our system of education? We have gone on from the animal state—let us not stop until we walk like angels! Fill your children with sweet music, and the high thoughts of your poets, and these will build up a fabric which in after life will withstand the attacks of care, sin, poverty, and grief; for they will have discovered something in life which the world can neither give nor take away. Nothing will be commonplace to them; for their imagination will color all life with its own rich hues—just as science teaches us that color actually resides, not in the object, but in the eye that looks upon it. “We see but what we have the gift of seeing; what we bring we find.” If these ideas are radical, then count me as the most rabid of radicals; but I know and feel the time is coming when men will grasp this question of education in the right way, when they will work from within outward, and not try to thrust revelation upon the child before its nature has been prepared for it. All men are blind until this divine order or beauty in the universe has been revealed to them: order and beauty are synonymous terms.

It may be justly urged that we cannot have a teacher for every individual talent or disposition. This is true; but we may have large influences at work which shall reach and develop all children. We have but one sun, and yet by its rays are developed and perfected all orders of flowers. The sweet perfume from the modest violet is lovingly drawn out; the rich color and luxurious odor of the Jacqueminot rose is likewise led forth by this universal educator. The influence of art is not unlike the effect of the sun’s heat and light. There is not one living being on the earth’s surface but is affected in some degree by the power of music, painting, sculpture, and poetry. We need as teachers men with a universal order of mind, men who have in their natures large charity and the broadest sympathy, and men who have nothing at stake in the political arena.

If, for instance, a child hates arithmetic and loves music,

sympathetic leading on will show him that to understand and produce the music he loves, he must know something of mathematics. Do not thrust before him the dry bones of a subject as a disagreeable skeleton, but clothe it with its living beauty. Again, if a child hates mathematics and loves to build, you can soon make it clear to him that, in order to build anything that will endure, or be sightly in the eyes of his fellows, he must have an idea of proportion, an idea of the relation of one thing to another. When he once sees this necessity, in order to construct, to put into palpable form the ideas that possess him, he will soon acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics for his purpose. Let him look upon a photograph of the Parthenon, or any other triumph of engineering skill, until he appreciates the use of this science to mankind. There is nothing beautiful about the keyboard of a piano, but out of it may be brought sounds that move us to tears.

I have said enough, perhaps, to show that there is a right and a wrong way of approaching children, and that we have been teaching them too often the letter of the law, while we have ignored its spirit. Carry out the same order of reasoning, which I have shown regarding mathematics and music, with the other branches of school study. Show that the arts of writing, chirography, and rhetoric are necessary to poetry and prose composition, and to acquiring a knowledge of what the world is, has been, and is capable of becoming. Was it not Aristotle who declared poetry to be truer than history? It is the spirit of a time that the poet sings, while the historian turns over its dry bones!

I pray you, employ the large way of teaching a child. Let the wide eyes of childhood look first and clearly at the wonderful beauty of the universe. Develop this wonderful spirit. Do not starve it by thrusting dry, uncanny things in its face. How many men are great enough to go back upon themselves, and understand, through such going back, this complex child-nature, and so daily renew their patience, and minister to it gently and lovingly?

We have been used to look upon the children as being, to a certain degree, at fault; but we are at fault, not they. We call certain children stupid because we cannot drive them into the narrow ways we near-sightedly lay out for them. It is not the children but we who are stupid. Look again at

the natural world; see how many different influences it takes to develop seed-life. See what preparation has gone before: the crystal must be dissolved, and the earth made ready: it is the law of evolution—the lower must give way to the higher. If such thought is necessary to the proper development of a grain of corn, shall we not care more lovingly and thoughtfully for these little ones, with their immortal possibilities, “while the dew is on the flower fresh and sweet”?

Not long ago, in one of our police courts, a man was convicted of the crime of theft, and sentenced to imprisonment. When asked if he had anything to say for himself, he replied only this, “I was taught to steal before I learned to read and write.” Although the man had learned to read and write and count, he had not learned how to use his reading and writing, and what they were good for; he had learned these things as ends. No one had shown him that they were merely the keyboard, for the uttering of what was noble in himself, or for the understanding of what was beautiful and uplifting in the world. His reading and writing and mathematics were stepping stones to greater wretchedness and crime.

It is thought that education will be the saving of our country in the crises through which it must pass. The true education may actually save us; but the false education will do no more for us than it did in the past. Was it not Voltaire who called all men fools, and then placed loaded muskets in their hands? By so doing has not such a one written himself down as the greatest fool of all? On what does the future safety of our country depend? On these magnificent war vessels that are fitting out, with the possibility of doing such wonderful damage to human life and human happiness? I think not! Does it depend on the number of men we can bring into the field, and the perfection of their equipment? I think not! Upon what, then, does it depend? It depends upon our public schools, and the order of education we give the child. A poetess has well said that the cannon now speaks in the teacher's place.

At the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, Daniel Webster spoke these words:—

Let our age be an age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop

the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole vast fields in which we are called to act.

So spoke one of America's greatest thinkers and orators. Longfellow has put for us in verse the same thought, in his noble poem of "The Arsenal at Springfield":—

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Follow back the history of any great life. Find out what element made that life great. In almost every instance you will find that it was not the ordinary schooling, but some sympathetic appreciation of the boy's capacity. Perhaps it was an old sailor, who helped the boy to carve a boat out of a block of wood, and by his tales of great ships and their voyages stimulated his ambition, and so made Columbus and a new world possible. Perchance it was a father, who stopped before a great statue and told his boy what it stood for, until the spirit within the child longed to come out and create great statues. It may have been the repetition to a child of some stirring poem that in after years has led him to write great poems. Whatever it was, it must have been a sympathetic drawing out of the boy's faculties, what we call true education, as opposed to the system of drilling and beating in—the drowsy education, as some one has called it. An appeal was made to the imagination and the spirit within him.

The one supreme thing that is left for men to do in art to-day is the depiction of character. Browning declared toward the close of his life that the only thing he found worth studying was the development of the human soul:—

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent.

If character, then, is destiny in man, so is it in a people. If order and temperance enable a man to live a useful, dignified, happy life among his fellows, it is equally true with that larger association of men which we call a

nation. A sympathetic drawing and rounding-out of the child's character has enabled the man to live such a life as I describe; and what is true of the man's life may be made true of a people's life, so that the salvation and perpetuation of our republic will depend on what sort of training we give to mind and spirit in our public schools.

When we have thoroughly understood the influences which have made men great, and brought our schools into harmony with such influences, then and then only shall we have the true education. The present system is like looking through a distorted lens: it shows you many brilliant colors, yet the object is not enlarged harmoniously, but in a disproportionate way. Why is it that the poet dwells upon the education of field and street, and not of the schoolroom, and exclaims:—

Perhaps there lives some dreaming boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of field and street,
Who shall become a master of the art?

Every one of us must be on the lookout for such a child. Search every face. Looking into the face of Jesus, the carpenter's son, little did the neighbors dream He was the Christ.

Is it possible to make our schools so complete that they shall round out the nature of every child? If we say "No" to this, it is an acknowledgment of weakness. Let us see, then, what can be done. We have already spoken of the introduction of music into the schools. I mean great music, not alone that of the singing master. Nothing will tend to develop the imagination so much as this. Then the children ought to be taken once a fortnight, at least, to hear some fine orchestra or good opera. Tune their ears to fine harmonies.

We should have, moreover, no blank walls in our school-rooms. It is just as important to hang reproductions of great paintings and frescoes upon the walls, as it is to place books under their eyes. Many of the city children have never seen a meadow or the country in the springtime. They know nothing of the sweet delights of nature and her delicious silences. These are all shut out from them. It may be that they will never have an opportunity to see nature at her best. City life becomes so habitual that many of them will never care for such delight, never appreciate it

if the opportunity is offered to them in after life. How, then, shall we keep alive and cherish in the child this love of nature, this sacred kinship with all green things? I know of one sure way — by placing before their eyes the pictures of nature's sweetest haunts, which great artists have transcribed for us with such loving care. I believe it has been with many others as with the writer. Born in, and bred to, city life, he has learned to love beautiful nature from beautiful pictures. The time is not far distant when the introduction of pictures and statues will be considered as essential to our schoolrooms as are the windows; then shall we be truly, greatly economical. We shall then give men a new reason why they should care for their bodies and keep them at their best: —

To man propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project
Thy soul on its lone way?

By thus inculcating a love for art in a child, you will make of him a citizen who will help to embellish your cities, making them like Athens, Venice, and Florence — beautiful forever.

But we must have more than this. We must have workshops of all kinds. There must be the same emulation and friendly rivalry in the production of a good piece of carpentering work, or piece of machinery, as there is now in the game of baseball, football, etc. Do not do away with your baseball-ground, but set aside a part of it for a carpenter's shop, a machine shop, and a forge. Let the boy learn the material forces of nature, and how he can best make use of them for the good of his fellow-men, and for his own uplifting. If any manual work is to be pursued successfully in after life, the tool must be placed in the hand of the child.

Too much time, interest, and excitement are given to-day to the so-called "sports"; too little to the precious handicrafts and arts. Teach children wood-carving, which has become almost a lost art, but which was carried to such wonderful perfection by Della Quercia in Siena in the fifteenth century. All such instructions will prepare them without their knowing it, for the more serious duties of life. Let them learn that there is something in this life better

than baseball; that man is created for something higher. Do not do away with any healthful exercise, but let these games take their proper places. The true education is not entirely physical, not entirely intellectual, nor is it entirely moral, but it is all three in proportion. Let us call for mental, as well as physical, work. Let us offer prizes of silver cups for a good piece of handiwork, and so keep before our children a proper regard for the dignity of manual labor.

Cannot debates be established between different schools and classes? Assign characters to the different boys—the character of Hamilton to one, Jefferson to another, Washington to a third: in this way they will become interested in our history in a natural way, and in a way they can never forget. We may even go as far as to hope that each school may have a small theatre where plays may be produced at festal seasons, and where children may learn what a good play is, and what is truly dramatic. And a serious order of criticism and critics may be developed. In fact, no influence should be shut out from the child, which tends to develop man; it may be softened, however, and modified to suit his nature. Every public school should have its telescope. An opportunity should be given one evening in the week for children to come and study the heavens in their silent majesty. When we have done even a part of what is here suggested, the difficulty will have solved itself, and one of the greatest problems of modern life, viz., what men and children shall do with their leisure hours, will find natural solution. I offer this practical solution, viz., the true education in the public schools.

Some one, I imagine, here says to me, These plans of yours are all very beautiful, but how are we to make them possible? My answer to him is this: The first step towards making them possible has been taken by our showing our willingness to consider them at all. The second step, and perhaps the final one, will be when each one of us tries, in some large or humble way, to bring about the changes suggested, gradually to substitute the true education for the false. Our present system we may call good; “but humanity sweeps onward.” To-morrow must see us a step higher in the scale of civilization, and we must not rest until our children shall embody the highest good that we see in the highest type of child-life to-day. This new child must be a resultant spiritual being.

The things for which we speak to-day have been termed by a certain part of the community "fads." If they be "fads," then let us have "fads" without end. The word Gothic, once used in scorn, came in time to designate the most graceful style of architecture, and the most lovely, perhaps, the world has ever known. Let no penny-wise and pound-foolish cry of economy deter us from seeing that the truest economy is in getting the best we are worthy, and producing the highest we are capable of. We shall not be discouraged, if the Philistines carry their point for a moment. We have learned that the return of the wave prepares for a more magnificent upward sweep. If we are driven back, it will not be for long: we shall return with a new life, myriad-colored, rich, God-given, and God-giving, and carry it far upon the blank meadows, to enrich and beautify them for all time. "The crutch of time does more than the club of Hercules."

Such education as I have described prepares the ground for a higher order of revelation than we yet dream of. When it comes, we shall not need mediums and spiritualists: every man will be a medium, when he shall have learned to give the God within him a right to speak. Let us give our children something that will raise them above the power of chance. I am appealing to you for the larger education of a people. No amount of learning will save our country, in the present and future, from the evils that threaten her; nothing will do so but a higher order of living, and the only way to have such living is to begin with the children. Conversions like that of Saint Paul are rare; but a little love and sympathy will win any child.

I would dwell especially and again upon the careful finding out of the creative element or faculty in every child—what that child can produce. This you will find out most easily by asking or studying what the child best loves. Our famous painter, William Hunt, once said to a parent who came with his child as a pupil to the studio: "Tell me how much your child loves this work, not what he has thus far accomplished." This order of education, from its very nature, will lead the child to consider the good in others and to show a proper respect for their rights.

Childhood has its secrets and its mysteries; but who can tell or who can explain them? We have all roamed through this silent

wonder-wood; we have all once opened our eyes in blissful astonishment as the beautiful reality of life overflowed our souls. We knew not where or who we were; the whole world was ours, and we were the whole world's. That was an infinite life, without beginning and without end, without rest and without pain. In the heart it was as clear as the spring heavens, fresh as the violet's perfume, hushed and holy as a Sabbath morning.

What disturbs this God's peace of the child? How can this unconscious and innocent existence ever cease? What dissipates the rapture of this individuality and universality, and suddenly leaves us solitary and alone in a clouded life?

So wrote Max Müller in the "Memories" that make up his wonderful story of German love. Let us remember this truth, which Schiller also aptly puts, when he writes that "common natures pay by what they do, noble natures by what they are." And what is more noble and holy than a child? It is we, really, who go to school to be taught of these children. The older we grow, and the deeper and richer our life becomes, the more readily do we understand and appreciate the sayings of the world's inspired teachers; especially of that quiet, unassuming carpenter, who once drew a little child to Him, and told His listening disciples that they must attain to the same purity of heart before they could enter the kingdom of heaven. What a great spiritual truth the Master spoke! We are apt to think that these wondrous eyes of childhood are given to them to con over the books we place before them. It is well for us to dwell sometimes on the thought that these eyes are theirs to let out the light of the pure soul within. Was it not Wordsworth who said:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

In this appeal for the divinity in the child, I believe I am making a plea for the most essentially practical and true order of education. I go back again to the original idea of sympathy; and such sympathy exists, I have endeavored to show, only where there is a giving and taking. Let us, as teachers, not forget that we are pupils as well. Let us strive, in our time and place, to learn the lessons which shall fit us also for the highest life.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

BY ROBERT FORMAN HORTON, M. A.

THE uneasiness which is occasioned among fervent believers in the Bible by the work and the results of what is called the Higher Criticism of the book, would possibly be lessened, if not removed, by a simple and untechnical statement of what the work actually means. It does not mean any attempt to discredit the Bible; it does not mean any repudiation of its authority; it does not mean the rejection of Inspiration or the denial of Revelation. It does not mean the sapping of the foundations of Protestantism. Whatever truth there ever was in Chillingworth's famous *dictum*, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," remains unaffected by the toil of the higher critics. Luther and Calvin handled the Scriptures in the same way, though not with the same results, as the advanced scholars of to-day. They did not hesitate to reject this book or that from the sacred Collection. It would not have occurred to them that the message of the Bible was discredited because certain parts of the Bible did not contain that message, and had a very doubtful claim to a place in the canon.

It is probable that a New Reformation will before long dawn upon the longing eyes of the church. And supposing that this reformation should linger until criticism has attained some finality, and its results are generally accepted, the Bible, in its new acceptance, will still be the source and the instrument of reform. Another Luther, trained even in the schools of the critics, would appeal with unquestioning certainty to the word of God — probably to some of those sayings of Jesus Christ which have been lost to the church for centuries in the ceremonies of tradition. Another Calvin will demand the reconstruction of society, and will seek for an actual theocracy, on the authority of this book; and the sanction will be not lessened but indefinitely strengthened by the lucidity, the perspective, the naturalness, which criticism will have secured in the sources of the authority.

But what does the work of higher criticism really mean? It means, briefly, as applied to the Old Testament, the revision of certain traditions concerning the structure, the date, the authorship of the books — traditions which had their origin in the fanciful and uncritical circles of Judaism just before, or soon after, the Christian era. And it means, as applied to the New Testament, the revision of certain corresponding opinions which obtained currency among the almost equally fanciful and uncritical writers who are known as the Fathers. It should certainly calm the anxious fears of pious minds to recognize that this dreaded criticism is assailing, not the Bible and its writers, but the rabbis and the Talmud on the one hand, and the patristic traditions on the other hand.

When, for example, criticism concludes that the Pentateuch is not the work of Moses, it is not questioning any statement of the Pentateuch itself — there is not a word in the Pentateuch as such concerning its authorship — it is only questioning the Jewish tradition which, in the most uncritical and arbitrary way, attributed the composition of the book to the person who occupied the foremost place in it.

Now few people who are born with the modern sense of truth, with its rigorous demand for evidence and its sharp distinction between fact and fancy, can form an idea of the light-hearted and irresponsible confidence with which Jewish rabbis were accustomed to settle the meaning, the origin, the nature, of the sacred books. Piety took the place of evidence. One rabbi would suggest some monstrous miracle of interpretation or of fact, and for centuries after his opinion would be quoted as a proof. It may be well to illustrate this unscientific character of Jewish piety in its dealings with the ancient Scriptures. In the apocalyptic work, *The Fourth Book of Esdras*, there is an absurd story put into the mouth of Ezra himself. Ezra narrates how, on the return to Jerusalem, all the Scriptures had been lost, and he went into the field with five men, and in the course of forty days miraculously rewrote the whole body of the lost books. In Talmudic tradition Ezra was a second Moses. "The Torah was forgotten by Israel until Ezra went up from Babylon and reëstablished it" (Succa 20. a). "'And Moses *went up* unto God' (Ex. xix. 3); of Ezra it is said, 'And Ezra *went up* from Babylon' (Ezra vii. 6). What is the meaning of this expression, *go up*? It has the same meaning in the

one passage as in the other, and refers to the Torah." Here is a characteristic piece of the rabbinical wisdom. Ezra is the restorer of the law. The author of IV. Esdras implies that he restored it miraculously, when every vestige of it had disappeared. The Old Testament which existed at the commencement of the Christian era was written not by Moses or the prophets, but by Ezra and him alone, Ezra marvelously recalling the whole of the lost literature.

Now it shows the critical acumen of the early Christian writers whom we call the Fathers, and it fairly illustrates the way in which opinions about the composition of the Bible have been propagated and preserved in the church, that this legend about Ezra was piously accepted and unquestioningly believed by the principal church writers for more than a thousand years. Irenæus says, "God did inspire Esdras, the priest, who was of the tribe of Levi, to set forth in order all the words of the prophets that had gone before, and to restore to the people the law that had been given to Moses," or, to quote Tertullian, "When Jerusalem had been taken and destroyed by the Babylonians, the whole canon of Jewish literature was restored by means of Esdras." The story is referred to by Clement, Origen, Eusebius, Basil the Great, Chrysostom, Jerome, Theodoret, Leontius, Isidorus. It was current, undisputed, until a writer at the end of the twelfth century, Petrus Comestor, so far suspected it, that he tried to reduce the miraculous character of the event by referring to great feats of memory in his own time. This was the first dawn of rationalism. But it was not until the Reformation, and the birth of higher criticism, which is the child of the Reformation, that any one seriously disputed this baseless tradition, and ventured to appeal to Scripture and to reason in refutation of it.

This is only an illustration. But it must be remembered that most of the ideas about the composition and authorship of the Old Testament books, which were current in the first century and passed down the sluggish tide of tradition to our own time, were formed in the same baseless way, by the wholly uncritical minds and methods of Jewish piety. Incorporated into our English Bibles, appearing in the headings or the margins of the Bible, they have been accepted for generations as part of the book itself. But they have no more real connection with it than the solemn dedication to

"The Most High and Mighty Prince James." Let us see the spirit in which the questions of authorship were determined, and the amount of evidence which was considered necessary. Professor Ryle, in his book on the Old Testament Canon, gives a translation from the Baba Bathra, in the Talmud, on this subject. This is a part of it:—

And who wrote [the books of Scripture?] Moses wrote his own book, and the section about Balaam and Job. Joshua wrote his own book and eight verses in the Torah. Samuel wrote his own book and the Books of Judges and Ruth. David wrote the Book of Psalms for the ten elders, the First Man, Melchizedek, and Abraham, and Moses, and Heman, and Jeduthun, and Asaph, and the three sons of Korah. Jeremiah wrote his own book, and the Book of Kings and Lamentations. Hezekiah and his company wrote Isaiah, Proverbs, Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes. The Men of the Great Synagogue [who, it may be observed, are themselves a fiction of rabbinic lore] wrote Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets, Daniel, and the roll of Esther. Ezra wrote his own book, and the genealogies in Chronicles down to his own time. . . .

Whereas it says, Joshua wrote his own book and eight verses in Torah, its teaching agrees with those who affirm, "Eight verses which are in Torah Joshua wrote": for the reading is, "And Moses the servant of the Lord died there"; is it possible that Moses should have in his lifetime written the words, "and he died there"? Was it not that Moses wrote so far, and from that point and onward Joshua wrote? The words of Rabbi Jehudah, or, as others say, of Rabbi Nehemiah, when Rabbi Simeon said to him, "Was it possible that the book of Torah lacked a single letter, when it was written, 'Take this book of the law'?" Verily up to this point the Almighty dictated and Moses wrote; but from that point onward the Almighty dictated and Moses wrote with tears. . . .

Whereas it is said, "Moses wrote his own book and the passage about Baalam and Job," that agrees with the words of Rabbi Levi bar Lachma, who said, "Job lived in the days of Moses," for it is written in one place, "Oh, that (Hebrew *êpho*) my words were now written!" It is written in another place, "For (*êpho*) wherein now shall it be known?" But he might be said to have lived in the days of Isaac, for it is written, "Who then (*êpho*) is he that hath taken venison?" Or again in the days of Jacob, for it is written, "If it be so now (*êpho*), do this." Or again in the days of Joseph, for it is written, "Where (*êpho*) are they feeding?" But you are not to think so, for it is written, "Oh, that they were inscribed (veyochaku) in a book," but Moses is called "*the Inscriber*" (mechokak), Deut. xxxiii. 21.—"Canon of the Old Testament," Ryle, pp. 274-276.

This naïve attempt to settle the date and authorship of Job by the chance occurrence of a single word, that has an ambiguous meaning, in various passages of the Bible, and

the arbitrary determination of the authorship of the Pentateuch, with little epicycles of imaginary suggestions to meet and overcome some obvious difficulties — may be taken as specimens of the manner and spirit in which the pious rabbis settled these literary questions. It was not a matter of evidence at all, but simply a matter of fanciful and cabalistic argument, starting from fictitious premises and ending in conclusions which, to say the least of it, carry no authority.

It is chiefly owing to the conservative instinct of religious tradition — and perhaps partly owing to the fact that the question involved is not, and never was, really vital — that these judgments about the dates, authorship, and composition of the Scriptures have been allowed to go unchallenged for so many hundreds of years. And it is no wonder that when first the spirit of inquiry began to touch these venerable and crusted accretions, most people thought that the matter itself, the Bible as such, was being assailed. But this dreaded higher criticism is simply an attempt, disregarding the worthless judgments of tradition, to discover by a careful examination of the writings themselves how, when, and by whom, they were composed.

Setting aside the tradition, and looking at the books themselves, it may safely be asserted, for example, that no reader would ever have supposed that the Pentateuch was written by Moses. The fact that it describes his death, the fact which, staggering as it was, was so heroically overcome by "Rabbi Jehudah, or, as others say, Rabbi Nehemiah," would in itself have been decisive. Who ever would dream, but for rabbinical extravagance, that a book which recounts the death and burial of a man was written by the man himself? Or, setting aside the arbitrary decisions of Jewish canonists, would not any intelligent reader perceive that the book of Isaiah is a composite work? At Chapter xl. a new theme begins, and it is treated in a new way. The historical situation has entirely changed. Literary criticism, left to itself, would unhesitatingly have pronounced that here were two distinct books, of different date and authorship, bound up together. Or, when Professor Cheyne takes the Psalter, and, ignoring all the arbitrary headings, which are merely the idle guesses of the scribes, endeavors by a careful study of the Psalms themselves to fix the probable period and

circumstances of their composition, is he not proceeding on the only method which common sense would dictate? Of what value is the rabbinical assertion that "David wrote the Psalms for the ten elders"? And what have we, apart from these baseless traditions, to settle the questions of date and authorship, except the substance and the style of the poems?

It may, however, be said that the work of criticism is not confined to the Old Testament, and the rejection of worthless rabbinical traditions. The more vivid alarm centres in the application of the same method to the Christian documents. It was hinted, in the illustration from the legend of Ezra at the beginning, that the Fathers were almost as uncritical as the rabbis. So far, therefore, as the higher criticism simply challenges or sets aside church tradition on the subject of the New Testament, there is no occasion for alarm. The ordinary biblical scholar to-day, with the vast critical apparatus, which ages of study have provided, in his hands, is in a far more favorable position for determining questions of literary genuineness than the Fathers of the second and third centuries. The unanimous opinion, for instance, if it existed, that the Epistle to the Hebrews was a letter of Saint Paul's, supposing this opinion had come down in an unbroken tradition from the first century to this, would not be decisive against the plain literary and theological evidence contained in the epistle itself to the contrary. Or, again, no patristic authority, though it were unanimous as it is divided, could prove the point that the author of the fourth gospel also composed the Apocalypse.

But, indeed, in New Testament matters the work of criticism is confined within very narrow limits. Questions of authorship are evidently quite secondary. The four gospels, which form the backbone of the book, are anonymous, and no uncertainty about their date or composition can in the least affect their essential message. It is but a fictitious sense of security that pious souls have derived from calling the authors Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, Saint Luke, and Saint John. It tells us nothing more valuable than that the books come from the first century, and so much is substantiated on other grounds. There the books are changeless and inviolable. No critic is tempted to-day to deny the veracity of the delineation of the person of Christ;

for he knows that he would be called on to explain how such a picture came to be painted, and who was the author of the fiction, if fiction it be. And the silenced school of Tübingen, and the discredited attempts of Strauss, remind the critic how difficult a task that would prove.

There is no space to treat the question of the New Testament at all; but this one assertion may be hazarded: The higher criticism has already done both its best and its worst in that department, with this result, that Christ is more real, His doctrine more commanding, and His abiding influence in redeeming and saving the world more rationally and spiritually assured, than in the days before we had heard of the higher criticism.

THE LAND QUESTION, AND ITS RELATION TO ART AND LITERATURE.*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

It is a significant and interesting thing to me to see the actors of America beginning to inquire into the causes of social trouble and to take part in the discussion. Their invitation to Mr. Herne and myself I regard as the most indubitable evidence of the power of a great new idea to reach every class of people, notwithstanding it has been said the actors will never take any interest in a question of this nature. I love the actor's art, the world of the drama. I love its past. When a mere child, far out on the prairies of Iowa, I climbed into my father's lap on many a winter's evening to listen to him as he told me of the great names of the theatrical Boston forty years ago. He was a hard-working man—a man who hardly knew what a fair chance was, with no time for rest or culture, but as I listened to his reminiscences of the elder Booth, of Edwin Forrest, of Charles Thorne, of Edmund Stone, and others of his favorites, it seemed like some far-off fairy land.

I love the past of the stage, but I believe in its future still more. Two sublime ideas are already entering the drama—truth and sympathy, and already there are signs that the novel will have side by side with it an equally true and equally human play. The stage will yet be the exponent of its sister art, fiction. I want every artist and writer able to be true to himself without regard to what has been done. I want him *free*! And this is why I am deep in the great land reform called the single tax. I believe it will free art as well as labor—for freeing labor will free everything. I love the cause of labor because of the value of freedom to the laborer, but I love and fight for this freedom because it is the whole battle that frees art, literature, and science. In the fate of the wage-earner is the fate of all.

* The substance of this paper was given by the author in an address delivered in New York City before the Actors' Order of Friendship.

I think every true artist, because he is a loyal citizen, looks upon the struggle of life here in America with pitying eyes. Art cannot rise out of the weltering smother of our daily tumult. Our socialist brethren would say, Blot out your "competitive system." But it is the lack of competition as a matter of strict fact. It is the war of the man who is disinherited with the man to whom government has granted special privileges to tax his fellows. But we are all agreed—all reformers—that the unrest and toil and brutalizing struggle to win standing room are making art false and insecure, are crippling the dramatist, and starving out the poet and novelist. We differ only in our plans of social redemption.

If you would raise the standard of art in America you must raise the standard of living—that is my first proposition. The comfort of the common American must be secured. He must have leisure and he must have means to buy to his taste. It is a physiological law that the tired, hungry man cares nothing for beauty. What does a sick man care for Millet's "Angelus," or for the view from Mount Washington? A Japanese fire-screen would be as impressive. What are the charms of parks, of landscape gardening to the poor tramp, haggard with hunger and desperate with need?

The great mass of people in America toil from ten to fourteen hours per day, and each day of the year. When they are able to gratify a desire for art, what sort of patrons would you expect them to be? How is it possible for such worn and warped natures to appreciate a quiet play, a fine actor, a thoughtful novel? They absolutely require force, farcical acting, ranting unreality. And yet their taste is better than their means; they must content themselves even then with chromos when they would buy paintings. The general public cannot buy to its taste, and its taste is kept low by the terrible drain upon the nervous system and the complete absorption of each waking hour in the struggle to live. There is much talk just now of over production, but the whole trouble is, rather, *under consumption*.

In the whole of our vast population of sixty-five millions, the audience to which the actor or novelist can appeal is very small. First we have fifteen millions of farmers, living in semi-solitude, exposed to the hardest conditions, and forced

to work from sunrise to sunset, while their wives and mothers walk a ceaseless round of toil, from sleep to sleep, lonely prisoners of poverty. There are ten millions of poor whites and negroes in the South, who must also be counted out of the question; and, last, there are ten millions of artisans in the Northern states essentially cut off. These figures are all under rather than over the fact. Then counting out the children and the aged, you can see that practically the public to which the writer can appeal in America is pitifully small — relatively a handful. Because of the poverty of the mass of the people, because of the toil and worry and poverty everywhere the common inheritance of the rising generation — because of these things it is that the artist's best pictures hang on his studio walls, the novelist's best thought is unsold, the dramatist's best play is refused by the manager, and the actor is forced to play the buffoon.

We all dream of somehow touching this great, strange, wallowing, hydra-headed something called "the public" and waking its better nature into life. We dream of playing upon its heartstrings as a lute, and all the time we passively acquiesce in conditions which keep all the devilish and sordid passions of our audience as an impenetrable barrier between us. We stand mournfully regarding the blind and suffering monster, and do nothing to help it rise. We see two millions of men and their families, who would be our eager patrons, out of work, and millions more working on reduced time and at reduced wages. We see the cities swarming with beings out of whose faces all humanity is passing. We see other men getting enormously rich without toil, while the vast majority of free Americans toil all their lives and get nothing. We see all this, and begin at last to wonder if there is not something wrong, and whether this condition of things is not a menace to us as artists as well as to the laboring man.

We begin to perceive that the nation is a solidarity, and that whatever produces disease in one part of the social body produces distress in the whole body; that the poor sewing girl, the farmer, the artisan, *cannot be crushed without a certain reaction upon art*. To this idea we owe the splendid awakening on the social subject among artists in America, led by Beard, Enneking, Inness, and Brush, and among literary men, led by Howells, George, and Bellamy.

The best artists in Boston tell me they are doing nothing. The sale of pictures is accomplished only now and then at ruinous prices. There is no money in the writing of fiction, especially the best fiction. People can't afford to buy books, and while the struggle for food and fire is so hard they will read cheap sensational or farcical stories. So in the theatrical world, the present moment is ominous. I need not tell you of the thousands of men and women out of work in your profession. You meet them in your daily walk.

But you have all admitted the presence of the wrong. Can there come a cure? I think so. But it must come to the actor and novelist indirectly. It must come from freeing labor. *It must come from raising the common man to freedom and affluence.* What is the great bar to the progress to affluence of the common man? There are many apparent, but they mainly spring from one great fundamental and monstrous system of injustice: speculative monopoly of the benefits of nature—mines, forests, or what the economists call *land*. And the cure is, I believe, to be found in the single tax reform, which is a handy name for the doctrine so magnificently advocated by Henry George.

Land is the prime necessity of life, and speculation in it is the most far-reaching curse of our nation to-day. To it can be directly traced the overcrowding of cities, the semi-solitude of the farms, the creation of tenement houses, the bondage and discouragement of art and the slavery of labor. These are grave charges, but I think they can be substantiated. Let us see if I cannot indicate, at least, the line of argument to convince.

The same principle operates to disperse the farmers of America, and also to pile men in buildings seven stories high in the cities. This principle is the desire to escape rent. In the city, rent is lessened by many people occupying the same house, by whole families living in one or two rooms. In the country, rent is lessened by dispersion, by pushing out further into the wilderness.

Rent is made unnaturally high by the speculative holding of lands out of use. Men get and hold more land than they can use, and wait till the bitter need of some other man makes it necessary to pay the price which satisfies the speculator. Everywhere is an artificial scarcity of land. Ground rents being enormously increased because of artificial

scarcity of land, the rents of houses rise in proportion, and the tenant must pay the annual increase in ground rent as well as an interest on the capital in the house. Our coal lands are monopolized by speculators who mine only here and there a part of coal tract, and regulate the price of coal at the same time that they pay labor a pittance for heaving it to the surface. Thus the poor man of the city pays tribute to the landlord in ground rent and tribute to the coal king through the monopoly price of coal, and, worst of all, finds *his wages kept at starvation point by the bitter competition of people like himself seeking a chance to work* and a chance to rent his miserable tenement.

There is no real scarcity of land — we have only twenty people to the square mile as a nation; but the *artificial* scarcity of land is already to the danger point. Land in New York is worth \$14,000,000 per acre. And there are 330,000 people to the square mile, with greater pressure and more acute misery than in any city on the earth. I say speculative holding of the earth is the greatest barrier to progress. It is a survival of the feudal system; it is a despotic tribute levied upon the helpless men and women of our time. It opposes all advance in science, art, and religion. It must be abolished. *We must raise the standard of living to raise the standard of thinking*, and to do that means attacking the supreme cause of the present low conditions of living. We must make labor free. We must destroy the tenement house and make America a nation of homes. We must keep down the number of millionnaires and raise the number of the well-to-do.

Speculation in land means the getting from some one else a value which we have not earned. It means living upon somebody else. I am a teacher, for example. I get a little money laid by from my teaching. I feel the necessity of investing it somewhere. I buy a piece of land in a growing town* for a thousand dollars. I go on with my teaching. At the end of five years the city has grown about my land. Its value has doubled; it is now worth two thousand dollars. I have paid a small tax each year on the original value of the land. My industrious neighbors have been taxed upon their industry, while I have been allowed to go comparatively

* The late Benjamin F. Butler, in a symposium on "How to get Rich," counselled buying land in the suburbs of growing towns.

free of tax — yet my investment has paid me one hundred per cent. At length a man who needs my land very much offers me twenty-two hundred dollars, and I take it. I pocket the extra eleven hundred dollars though I have done nothing to earn it. It was a value which the growth of the city had made; it belonged to the city for public purposes. To the extent of \$1,000, clear, I have lived upon the labor of somebody else. I have, in fact, taken a tribute which another man was forced to pay me before he could use a plot of ground whose value was measured by the industry and enterprise of the whole community.

Do you not see that there is a clearly-defined line dividing what is really mine from that which is not mine? Do you not see, moreover, that to tax the man upon the house which he proceeds to build, is to make it just that much more difficult for him to build? that it keeps him just that much longer in a tenement house? If he is a business man, it makes it just that much harder to start in business. If he builds a tenement house the tribute which he paid me must be added to the cost of the house, and thus comes at last out of the pocket of the person least able to pay it — the poor tenant.

Take another illustration. I own a lot on a street in Boston. Mr. Jones thinks it an excellent place for a theatre. He comes to purchase it. I charge one hundred thousand dollars for a lot upon which I have never put spade. I bought it twenty years ago for one thousand dollars. I have paid a very small tax upon it yearly. It has been assessed at thirty per cent of its value because I've left it unused. Mr. Jones can't pay my price, but rents it at a large rent for a term of years. This is the first tribute to monopoly. He proceeds to build, and in every foot of lumber, and every pound of iron or coal he pays tribute to the land speculators, from whose land the coal, iron, and lumber came, and a tribute to the railway monopoly in high freights. Every article that goes to build that theatre is artificially enhanced in value by ground rent, by tribute to monopoly. At last the theatre is built; then comes the electric monopoly, the gas monopoly, the heating monopoly, and, last of all, the tax collector, who claps a fine upon Mr. Jones for his enterprise in the shape of a round yearly tax, while I continue to draw my ground rent.

Now Mr. Jones, to get even, must cut down on the wages

of his hands, scrimp on gas and lights, and narrow his dressing rooms, etc. He must also charge the travelling manager larger rent. The travelling manager, in order to meet this advance, must cut down the salaries of his men. The actors find their salaries being cut and wonder at it. The travelling manager wonders at it, and gets to be a monopolist himself as soon as possible.

It is the increase in the value of theatre sites which makes the production of a new play each year more difficult. It increases the cost of production just that much. It keeps down competition just that much. Therefore the local manager books those plays only which are "assured successes," which cuts off the original playwright and fosters imitation and timidity, precisely as in the novel. This sad condition will increase in hopelessness so long as land monopoly exists unrestricted. The single-tax idea, applied to theatres, would release the theatre from tax, but would tax the land value. More theatres would be built. One manager told me he had twelve applications for his open time for every one he booked. Another placed it seven to one. This does not mean that the best were selected, but that the manager believed they would fill his theatre.

The whole problem resolves itself down to a question of monopoly of benefits which nature designed for all men, for *land* means natural resource, mines, forests, mill-privileges, as well as farms and theatre sites. As a question of abstract right, the single tax lays this down as a cardinal principle: *Whatever a man produces by his skill, economy, or foresight is his without tax, and without molestation.* So far it is individualistic, not admitting the right to tax even. *But the natural value of land, the site value, the value of the mere monopoly of any mine, lot, or location is not a product of individual skill or industry, and belongs to the general community, to be so held and its value taken as a tax.*

To bring the change about, to set industry free, and to discourage monopoly, the single tax would levy all taxes upon the site value of land, having no regard for improvements. It would do this by a *gradual exemption of all personal property from tax, and correspondingly increasing the assessments on land values*, and especially upon land values held out of the market for speculation. It would exactly reverse the present system of things. It would bear heavily

on the speculator, and lightly on the industrious and enterprising man.

It would tax a man according to the exclusive advantage which he held over his fellow-men—according to his privileges and not according to the value he produces. It would tax railways as all other monopolies—upon the annual value of their monopoly, not on the value of their accommodation to the public needs.

This simple reform is one of the most radical and far-reaching of changes. The first effect would be to cheapen land. The speculator, seeing that his taxes were being raised in proportion to the industry of the community, taxed just the same as if his land were in use, would begin to use or sell to some one who will use. Land would everywhere seek a market. Money will seek "to get out of land and into houses." The result of this would be to immensely benefit the man of moderate means, and especially the working man, and this will react upon the drama. For with cheapening of lands the working man will find it easier to buy a lot, and with no tax on houses will find it easy to build a house. Material will be cheaper, because mines and forests will be open to labor. Coal will no longer cost the laborer eight dollars a ton in Boston, while his brother toiler gets thirty-nine cents for mining it. The "getting out of land and into houses" will of course decrease rents, and will at the same time increase wages.

Cheap coal, cheap lumber, cheap clothing, will be cheap because of the prodigality of our great mother, Nature, rather than because flesh and blood are cheaper than coal and cheaper than shingles. God alone knows what the "cheap" clothing of to-day means.

But the greatest effect of all will be the opening up of opportunity for capital and labor to employ themselves without first paying tribute to the mere land owner. Let it be observed that there is no war against capital, against legitimate business. Labor and capital are allies; their common battle is against the land-monopolist who stands ever in the way of progress.

I come now to the law of wages. There is but one law of wages. As long as there are two men seeking one job, wages will be low. As long as the mass of laborers are shut out from the opportunity to employ themselves they are essen-

tially bond, and not free men, and must take what such hard conditions offer. What matters the glory of literature and art, the inconceivable advances of science in locomotion, labor-saving machinery, and sanitation, to the white slaves in New York city to-night, or to the millions of farmers far out on the lonely farms of the West?—for the farmers are as surely wage-earners as the city mechanic. They are not land-owners, that is sure. There are more than a million men out of work to-day. These men are seeking work. They crowd the doors of employers, they bid for work by offering to take lower wages. They keep wages down, in spite of invention and the infinite goodness of mother Nature.

The solution of the whole problem lies in freeing labor, by breaking down monopoly in mines, forests, building lots, and farms, and opening wide to labor a thousand natural opportunities to employ itself. With twice as many jobs as men, labor will demand and get its proper share of its product. The laborer under the single tax would have no tax upon his industry, no tax upon his home. He could make his own contract then, and his fear of poverty would be gone.

His prosperity would instantly react upon all art and all lines of legitimate business. Wages would go up in every branch of trade, while trade would be placed on a healthy and safe basis of corresponding activity. As Mr. Herne has indicated in his remarks, there can be no over production as long as men have opportunity to satisfy their reasonable wants. When men have enough to eat, they turn to art and literature. There is no over production of theatres; there are not too many actors. The whole trouble, I repeat, lies in the inability of the farmer, the mechanic, the doctor, the teacher, the millions of common Americans, to gratify their taste for the stage. Remove this disability, increase the wages of these men, and instantly art and literature would feel the effect of the reaction of the mind of the common man to buoyancy and hope.

Under the single tax, with lands taxed on site value irrespective of improvements, the man holding land out of use would use or sell; his motive for holding would be gone. The farmers would draw closer together. The growth of towns into cities would be accelerated, and as they grew in popular affluence they would become centres of

light and civilization. Schools, concert halls, theatres, would spring up, and the domain of art be everywhere illimitably extended. This prosperity of the farmer, like that of the mechanic, would react upon the dramatist, the actor, and the novelist in a most inspiring way.

Over production! It is impossible. When you have raised the standard of living of the common American till he can go to the theatre when he pleases, he'll demand better plays and be willing to pay for them, just as he'll buy paintings and not chromos. The dramatic millenium will come when the laborer receives the full reward of his labors, and not till then.

In the general renaissance of trade and improvement in material things, art and literature will bloom like the rest. With leisure to enjoy and means to purchase to his refining taste, the common man would be no longer a common man, and art, genuine art, with free and happy intellects before it, would no longer be the poor, begging thing it seems now.

And, finally, and most glorious of all, that horrible waste of human genius, so common now, would lessen. Some of the finest voices I have ever heard are swallowed up in the roar of machinery, or wasted on the wide prairie air. One of the most gifted families of musicians I ever knew, lived all their several lives out on the border, and the world knows nothing of them. There are superb young actors deep in the forests, singers in the depth of mines, painters toiling on lonely farms. This waste of human genius would not go on under the new system of things. With leisure and full opportunity to select a vocation, each man or woman would gravitate to that vocation for which he or she seemed best fitted, and only those best fitted would or could remain. With countless avenues of employment open to him, the man would not find experiment a fear and a menace.

In summing up, let me say that as artists we are addressing only a handful of the great democracy. Just now you are playing to a minority that does not grow. Times are hard, and growing harder. There is no expansion, no widening, of your field or my field; it is rather narrowing. The whole country is like a factory town when the engines are all cold.

The cause of art is the cause of humanity. The dignity of the drama depends upon the comfort and leisure of the

common man. The whole social order must undergo change before American art will become the jubilant and perfectly wholesome art it should be.

O the brave future! when the mouth of hunger shall be filled, and every child be flushed with warmth. In the future we all hope for, there is the most beautiful drama and the most human fiction. Men and women of the drama, your art is not supported by the few, after all; it rests upon the support of the many. Its fate is bound up with that of the working man. You too must become reformers. You too must stand for equal rights, with all that the fearless leaders of present-day thought have made that phrase mean.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

PART II.

I.

THE foregoing experiments prove that we have within us a faculty for acquiring from without a knowledge that is independent of either words or sound. Patients regard this as an ability of the *ego*, the individuality. We also learn that this individuality is so susceptible to the influence of other individualities that it can by our consent be taken possession of by others, and absolutely mastered for either good or evil. They also indicate that this faculty in acquiring its knowledge in any part of this world is not affected by distance.

It has been said that if all cables and wires were connected, an electric message would circle the world instantaneously — that is to say, if an operator telegraphed from his right hand to his left, with the whole world between, the letters of the message would come in from the east as soon as they are sent out to the west. We have here a natural fact as to annihilation of distance. Yet it is not suggested that the soul in acquiring knowledge at a distance is a current. Nor is it suggested that electricity is a current. Evidently it is one of the life principles. A telegraph line, when in use, is a wire vivified — that is to say, it is throughout its length permeated by an immaterial essence possessing a capacity for such inconceivably rapid vibration that a shock or alteration in one spot is immediately felt along the whole wire. In other words, it is as sensitive in its entirety as in its part. One spot cannot suffer anything unfelt by the whole at the same moment. This is sympathy sublimated — sensitiveness carried to a superlative degree. It is a power of nature. We can make it — or rather educe it — while still ignorant of what it is.

Similarly the soul, which is a higher, or more extensive, existence than electricity, may be expected to contain among its qualities some peculiarities of that principle with which we are best acquainted. It seems probable that the soul or life of man also possesses, in a similar way, a capacity for inconceivably rapid vibration. But there is no vivified wire or other material channel of communication between the soul of a mesmerized patient and a person inquired about, say in San Francisco. And if the patient's soul knows enough to discover the presence of the San Franciscan, and how at the same time to report of him fully in New York, it surely knows enough to stay at home and do its work as a resident. In other words, the abilities required in order to make the flight would be more extensive than a resident intelligence would require, and the economy of nature does not favor any unnecessary power, people, or entity.

The facts and reports of patients which tend to support the theory of "flight" are given at some length, because it is interesting to see what grounds orientals and others have had for believing that some part of the human makeup was projected through space. The usual explanations of patients almost necessarily lead to some theory of this kind. Yet it is to be understood that the person whose interior faculties are witnessing a distant scene could speak in no other way than in the first person. The theory of the resident intelligence accounts for all the facts, so that there seems to be no sufficient reason for suggesting any such further peculiarity as is asserted in oriental systems. The reader may, therefore, so far as this work is concerned, divest his mind of Buddhistic suggestions as to "astral bodies," etc. People who have not grasped the most deep-set truth of nature have imagined different existences to explain such phenomena as are here exhibited.

What, then, is this intelligence which is resident in man, and which is possessed of these fearful and wonderful, and yet most peaceful and natural, powers? On the way to an answer, a few *dicta* of celebrated men may be considered. Let us go first to the region of material science. Here, Mr. Herbert Spencer indicates that all human study and research finally bring us to the one absolute certainty—"that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." The above is not the voice of

uneducated religion, or of any kind of dogma, but is the *ultimatum* of the most material and scientific methods of research. Let Mr. Spencer continue: —

Historical evidence shows that the religious consciousness began among primitive men with a belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, *capable of wandering away from him during life*, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that from this idea being eventually distinguished as supernatural, there developed, in course of time, the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest.

Let us now take a definition of Professor Max Müller, and then combine the different sayings and ask a few questions. He says, "Religion is the faculty for realizing the Infinite." What we understand from his remark is that "There is in man a faculty for realizing the Infinite, of which the outcome is religion." No one seems to mention that this faculty for partly realizing the Infinite will also comprehend the finite, as the greater includes the less. Yet it is of importance to understand that the same faculty which, with its marvellous and wordless knowledge, may be conscious of great truths and aspirations, is also capable of comprehending the smallest and most trivial things. To suppose that the faculty only apprehends great matters, and not small ones, would be placing an unnecessary limitation on it.

Now what gave rise to this "consciousness which began among primitive men with a belief in a double belonging to each individual, that is capable of wandering away from him during life"? What gave rise to the Buddhist belief that some part of the human makeup could be projected through space to acquire knowledge at a distance? The answer is a simple one, though it requires further explanation. It is merely this, that "Truth lies at the bottom of the well," — that the internal depths are in unity with an all-pervading knowledge which simply knows because it knows. Whenever a savage or a civilized man (and in questions of soul science there is no separation), has been in a deep sleep, and his soul has apprehended some facts that were occurring at a distance, he has, very naturally, thought he possessed a double, which "wandered away from him during life." Similarly, in the East Indian methods for producing trance, the soul is divested of the bodily sensations and passions, and thus may without difficulty be made to witness distant

affairs. Consequently they all think that a spiritual double of the human body is projected to remote localities. The mass of information collected by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his assistants incidentally includes this point; Professor Huxley has also assisted; all the religious literature of the world has more or less contributed. In fact, the stories of vision at death and vision during sleep, no matter where they come from, turn on this same point.

Now consider Max Müller's statement, which (with not improper alteration) reads thus: "There is in man a faculty for correspondence with the Infinite, of which the outcome is religion." Clearly, religion is only one outcome of this faculty, for it is the medium through which every living thing is assisted towards living as it should, and towards acquiring its own necessities. The Controller of evolution has not produced an infinity of living creatures while cutting off all *media* for communication. To suppose so would be to suggest that everything had been left to chance.

But, in nature itself, what do we find? Every child's book on natural history teems with anecdotes regarding the instinct and peculiar traits of animals. Not only do these stories refer to the instincts which are assisted by heredity, but they point to the exercise of faculties which are outside of heredity. How are those creatures in Texas made aware that if they seek and eat a certain plant they will be cured after being bitten by rattlesnakes? In this case there can be no heredity, and not even, as a rule, any previous experience. And supposing previous practice had existed, through their having been previously bitten, how was the practice first learned? Now the fact is, that, in unnumbered cases of the above kind, the reason of man has been entirely halted; no explanation has been given. The high priests of science are silent. Those who are not brave enough to say they do not know, take refuge in the idea of heredity. They might as well explain it by astrology.

Again, why does the hunter who is lost on the prairie drop the reins on his horse's neck, so that the beast may take him back to the encampment? The horse knows no more than the hunter about the proper direction to take; but a certain faculty in him *does*. Who ever heard of a full-blooded American Indian, of the older times, being lost in the woods? Enclose your dog in a box, and after sending

him a hundred miles by rail, loose him, and see how soon he will return to his home.

An Irish fisherman had a tame seal—an affectionate thing—which became rather a nuisance about the cottage. He sent it away for long distances on board ship, but it always came back. Then he, or some other men, tried a fiendish experiment. They put out the creature's eyes and shipped it on a sailing vessel. When half way across the Atlantic the seal was thrown overboard. It was now unable to procure food, being blind. But it reached home; and one morning was found dead of starvation at the door of the cottage.

Now, what explains all this? You may call it the "homing instinct," or give it any other absurd name. Of what use is "homing instinct" to a blind seal in trackless waters? or even to a seal that sees? The answer is simply this, that fish, bird, and animal, can in the pressure of their necessities make draughts upon the all-knowledge that assists evolution. Instances of the same truth can be multiplied. The migration of fish, birds, and animals; their methods of defence, escape, and attack; the ability of the condor and other carrion birds to reach the distant carcass; the knowledge of the desert camel that a pool is within a day's journey—nearly all the strange records of natural history are explained by the fact of the correspondence between the animal soul and the all-knowledge. These things are precisely the same on the lower planes of life as the correspondences artificially utilized by the mesmerist, when he makes the soul of his patient describe with certainty events which are happening elsewhere. Throughout animal nature, these processes seem to be brought into action solely as a result of necessity. Glutted animals lose that alertness which the correspondences demand. Everywhere is found necessity, in countless forms, begetting that which nature and all achievement demand, namely, effort.

If the French school, whose experiments corroborate those here given, succeeds in convincing the public of the utility of mesmerism, it may be applied in a number of ways. For instance, any one who can fully mesmerize a blind person can make him see more than one sees with ordinary sight; for the actuator can show him all he remembers, and, indeed, any part of the world which he has never seen, or, apparently,

anything else. To the blind, the joy of this would be inconceivable. We wait for science to do this — for men do not know how they may help each other.

Again, it may be used in reducing public expenditure in criminal trials. After the usual trouble and delay over them, we are not always free from a doubt as to their correct termination. There should be no uncertainty. Of course the liberty of the individual will not be readily tampered with, but there seems to be no reason, when a large amount of condemnatory evidence is taken at the preliminary examination, why the accused should not be made to tell as to his guilt or innocence. It remains to be proved as to whether anæsthetics can produce the sleep of body which liberates the interior faculties. If, in this way, as by the mesmeric processes, the accused can harmlessly be placed in the condition here described, he can be forced by will power to tell everything. He then would give every detail, and say where he buried or secreted the *corpora delicti*, etc. The truth of all these details could be ascertained at once by reliable persons. Then the culprit could be immediately tried and this evidence of these persons taken. After this, the condemned one could be sent at once to the chair, and there could be no uncertainty as to the justice of the result. It was stated in the newspapers that this process was lately utilized by the Parisian scientists in the case of the murderer Eyraud. They mesmerized his accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard, and she told the story of the murder with every detail. When Eyraud went to the guillotine there was no doubt of his guilt.

The other channels in which the faculty may be used are infinite — for instance, among shipwrecked people, in a boat at sea, or on a desert island. If the man of strongest will can mesmerize the most submissive woman, she will tell what ships or lands are near, the proper direction to steer, or any other knowledge of the like kind. It must always be recollected that where you have a human being you have a machine which can transmit to you all the knowledge you require in any such case. And if there be a woman present, especially a maiden, you will discover in your scientific process that you have with you a very wonderful being. If she brings men to a knowledge of the wonderful alliances that are within her, she will be only fulfilling part of her mission in life.

The following anecdote is believed to be true. James Doyle, formerly a foremast sailor on the Canadian Lakes, had a wife and family living in Hamilton, Canada, where probably they still remain. Doyle was coming down Lake Erie one night on a sailing vessel. He went below at eight bells, and while in his bunk thought that he was at his home in Hamilton. In his wife's room his child was dying. A doctor, who was a stranger to Doyle, was attending the child. The wife and several of Doyle's acquaintances were there; also several people he did not know. He woke in a fright and rushed on deck in an excited way. The captain told him not to be a fool, and sent him below. I think Doyle said that on returning to his bunk the vision appeared again. When he reached the Welland Canal he got paid off and took the train home. He found that his child had died on the night of the vision, and that every person had been in the room as he saw them, including the strange doctor, whom he visited and recognized as the one he had witnessed in the vision. Doyle had felt the loss of his child. He spoke of the occurrence with difficulty. It was not a matter about which a father would conjure up a lie. He was a sailor on the yacht of the writer's uncle, and was for many years known as an honest fellow.

When the wife and the assembled people, and perhaps the dying child, were all lamenting the father's absence at such a time, what a strange effect it had upon his soul while he slept! Here was a case which almost necessitated a belief in a double. Mr. Herbert Spencer's collection of *data* on this subject show that these visions have occurred in all ages and among all peoples, both savage and civilized. There may have been some imposture, but large baskets of fish are undoubtedly caught, in spite of the frequency of exaggerated stories. If any one doubts that visions have occurred, let him experiment on these lines; and he will find that he can artificially produce as strange visions as ever were related. Not only will he produce them himself, but he will see how simple and apparent is the explanation of all the others.

II.

Probably most people are tired of attempted reconciliations between religion and science. There is here no desire to contribute another of such attempts. We need fewer

opinions and apologies; we want facts, and the only facts are in nature. One might think, from the appearances of late years, that science and religion would continue to run as parallel lines and never meet. And if science does not extend its own methods into the region of the immaterial life, they will, evidently, remain as strangers. But, as George Eliot's old innkeeper continually told his quarreling guests, — "The truth lies atween ye, gentlemen, the truth lies atween ye!" La Rochefoucauld said, "*Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un cote,*" and the trouble between science and religion is that they are both wrong; or, rather, as the old innkeeper oracularly said, "Ye're both right and ye're both wrong — the truth lies atween ye, gentlemen!"

Huxley says: —

By the term "science," I understand all that knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions; and if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science.

It will remain for the reader himself to experiment, and then say whether his knowledge thereby gained "rests upon evidence of like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions." If the methods are of this character, they are sufficiently scientific to gain a hearing; and although it is not suggested that one man's evidence (even when corroborated by French scientists), is of the kind which may be accepted as "valid" (in the sense of all-sufficient), one may still hope that the truth here produced may at least lead others to the same channels of inquiry and proof.

If any acquiescence of readers has been accorded, they will, of their own motion, go further, and think out for themselves a number of corroborative facts which could not be included in a short treatise of this kind. They will see that this work is chiefly addressed to those who have made at least some study of the laws and history of evolution, because without this study people are at sea regarding comprehension of life; and it must be assumed that readers possess some knowledge of material evolution before an attempt can be made to describe nature's advance into its spiritual grades.

What we require most is unity of conception. In life there is such infinite variety of phenomena and such infinite complexity of relation, that what we require most is great simplicity of law. In this work we are not concerned to prove that either science or religion is right. No personal opinion, nor any centuries of opinions, are worth a rush unless these seem to leap into the heart as truths. Yet no one will attempt to undervalue the enormous accretions of *data* which have become ranged at the sides of both religion and science. These are the powers which, by pressing on both sides, finally squeeze the truth out from between them.

The aspirations, incentives, and confidences of all the hosts of religious men, together with their clinging to "the evidences of things not seen" which were to them realities, will never be lost, and their value will never be denied — because they were right, in the main. Yet their "right" was so pervaded with unnecessary *et ceteras*, and they all so insisted on the necessity of these *et ceteras*, that many thousands of the best and most educated men have turned away feeling sore.

On the other hand, the aspirations, incentives, arduous researches, and successes of all the scientific and carefully thinking men who clung to the evidence of things *that are seen* — men who starved spirit rather than accept untruth — the work and the downright honesty of these persons will never be lost, and their value will never be denied — because they were right, so far as they went. Yet their "right" was so hedged with unnecessary limits, and they so insisted on these limits, that many thousands of the best and most religious of men turned away feeling sore.

It will be seen, though, that in the present state of things there can be no reconciliation between science and religion. One clings to the true and intangible, and the other clings to the true and tangible. The only solution of the difficulty, therefore, seems to be for both to emigrate to a new region in which both parties may retain some of their most cherished principles. It is the endeavor of this work to show where that region is. To reach it, the advocate of science must extend his limitations and the religionist must drop some of his *et ceteras*. This will be no reconciliation. It will be a new land to which emigrants pass because truth has its abode there. The inhabitants will care nothing for

the previous opinions of the new immigrants, and the whole region is governed by law and truth. The simple name of the region is "the future"; its legal code is the same eternal law of evolution, with further volumes added concerning the spirit life; and its God is the God of nature, who insists upon things being done in His way and not in the ways set up by priests of either science or sect.

No matter what our beliefs or unbeliefs may be, we all have to face one great truth, and the sooner we face it the better. It is this — that the only possible God is the God of nature. Many religious people will say that they have always admitted this. In a way — yes. But they have been continually apologizing for nature, criticising nature, and hating some parts of it. For instance, when Paul advises against marriage, he is flatly opposed to the God of nature; that is to say, he opposes and is evidently ignorant of those processes which God uses to teach the majorities of men. No fact of nature is opposed to religion, and any religious idea which cannot be made to fit in with nature is *ipso facto* wrong. Paul, therefore, while right as to himself, did more than most men to make Christianity in some respects the most stupendous critic of God that the world has known. All teachings which are out of harmony with the bulk of humanity require adjustment. Teachings which are quite proper, and a necessity, for those on the highest human planes, are of little use to those who know next to nothing of the spiritual life. Indeed, for the vast majorities who are in the lower grades, the teachings do harm, in creating despair. Proper study of nature cures all these things. In the region of the future they are understood.

It sounds almost childish to speak of the future being direct successor to the present, and of the present being the lineal descendant of the past. Yet, apparent in their truth as these statements are, it may be doubted whether people will, as a rule, pay much heed to what they suggest. People are apparently unwilling to believe that that which has continually ruled in the past and present will continue to rule in the future. We have with us the modern ages of the present, and behind us we have a past which resembles an eternity. We are able to see that throughout the whole of this time the same principles of law for progress have been at work. And yet most people think that man is so impor-

tant that in his case nature will make a jump, and land him after death in some blissful abode of purity and refinement for which, clearly, he is not fitted. The conceit and improbability involved in this idea become apparent by ascertaining how free from "jumps" nature has been.

Nothing so impresses a student as the solidity of nature. When a law of nature teaches of itself, its power for producing conviction is like the silent and resistless force of a tide. We gain such a complete sense of its reality that any infringement of it seems absurd. Infringement is generally called sin; but it is also absurdity, even when coupled with unspeakable tragedy. Indeed, it is a wide thought that there is nothing in nature but nature. In different terms, some religions express the same idea, when saying, "There is nothing in nature but God." And the material scientist comes very near the same thing if he says, "We know of nothing in nature but law." All these expressions are merely the various attempts to give verbal expression to the existence of that which all opposing parties are agreed upon. Therefore in the region of the future one speaks of nature or law or God when one refers to that existence regarding which there is no dispute. For the purposes of this work these terms are usually employed as if they were synonymous.

Taking, then, the subject matter of this consensus of opinion, we ask, What is this nature, or God, or law? Appalled by the magnitude of the question, the first answer is that we know nothing. But this is wrong. We *do* know something. Where, then, is the knowledge? We turn inquiringly to science. Science answers that it knows of laws and effects, and nothing more. We then turn to religion. Here we find countless works of honorable men of all recorded ages who agree on one point. They may contend with each other about trifles and *et ceteras*, but they are, one and all, agreed on one point—that we have within us an inward monitor which guides our life correctly. In other words, they agree that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some all-knowledge which is continually present; also that the intuitive impressions received in these correspondences, whether for prohibition, incentive, aspiration, or otherwise, are always right. The belief is that this outside all-knowledge is never wrong.

Now the universal agreement of all the hosts of religious men is, to say the least of it, very singular. One would think that they might have fought over this point as they have over every other. But so far as the facts appear, they never have. Material science looks on, and says: "This belief, to these religious men, seems to be a great reality; but it is not contained in our system for research." Then the religious very properly reply: "The spiritual man has as good a right to tell of the spiritual world as material science has to speak of the material world." To this, Professor Huxley, speaking for science, gives a limited consent. In effect, he says that science has always been willing to discuss and profit by any proofs that the religious could bring forward. He says that "If any one is able to make good the assertion that this belief about the soul rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that the soul and the study and knowledge of soul must take a place as a part of science." (In the last sentence, which is quoted correctly near the commencement of this chapter, the word "theology" is removed, and words concerning "soul" substituted, so as to extend the professor's meaning to our point—and in a way he would not, presumably, object to.)

The trouble is, however, that the religious have not been able to produce such proofs of the existence of soul as are recognized by material science. For many years there has seemed to be no hope that the religious would be able to prove a reality which to them was only present in the intuitions. And in the meantime the whole educated world has been divided into two classes—those who acknowledge the spiritual world and those who did not.

At this juncture an experimenter says: "If you deal with a suitable human patient in the ways described, you can prove for yourself, beyond all doubt, that the belief of religious people is correct when they say that the human soul is capable of being in correspondence with some outside knowledge which apparently knows everything, and which is continually present." This experimenter gives the details of his experiments. He is not ignorant of the values or worthlessness attaching to human testimony. He, however, asks for no further credence beyond that which will place other students in such courses of inquiry as will exhibit to them the same truths. If others thus accomplish similar

results, and publish them truthfully, then the whole field of natural religion must "take its place as a part of science." As religion is gradually shown to be a scientific necessity and a proved reality, the resulting gain to the world will be seen to be so immeasurable that others will also feel it their duty to publish assisting facts.

SILVER IN ENGLAND.

BY HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

THE first form of trade in the beginnings of civilization, was barter—exchanging this for that—pigs for potatoes, corn for cattle, land for labor, service for service, and so on in the most crude and inconvenient manner. After that came money—intrinsic money—giving value for value. This was a vast improvement in the line of commercial progress, but intrinsic money was often scarce and costly; it was, also, cumbersome and risky in transportation. Then came the paper substitute, depending on intrinsic money for its value. This was another step in advance, but not always safe, as very often coin was not to be had for redemption purposes.

The first form of robbery was with the sword. This was a bold and sanguinary process, usually tragic, and always hazardous. When money came, robbery took another form and another name. It was called speculation, and the brigands were called speculators and financiers. The robbery was by wholesale. No blood was shed, but the victims were crushed and slain by distress, privation, cold, and hunger.

Money is the best and the worst thing known to man. It is both the root and the offspring of civilization. Without it civilization can have no existence or progress; with it civilization may be either perfected or destroyed. With money men may enter upon a career of enlightened progress, utterly impossible without it; and, on the other hand, through the manipulations of money, mankind may be reduced to the lowest and the least merciful form of slavery. The slavery of the lash has its elements of mercy. The man is the property of the master; he must not be driven to death, nor reduced to worthlessness. The slavery of the purse is without mercy; the death of the man is no loss to the master. Money, then, is good or bad as we use it, or as we suffer it to be used.

The monetary function may be attached to gold, silver, copper, or paper. Silver money was first used in England by the Saxons. The coinage was rude, and the weight inexact. Clipping and filing became a business by the silversmiths and the speculators. This was the first form of monetary robbery. Light coins were swapped for heavy. The latter were melted down for use in the arts. It was an easy way for the silversmiths to procure bullion, and for the speculators to make a profit at the expense of society. Melting the coins contracted the money of the realm, and inflicted on society falling prices, idleness of labor, and public distress. A shrinking volume of money always produces falling prices of labor and its products. Trade becomes hazardous, commerce languishes, and business men fall into bankruptcy. No man will build a house, start a factory, or enter into a future contract during a time of falling prices; labor ceases to find employment, and general public suffering is the result.

The bad results were ascribed to many causes, but seldom to the right one, that being silent and unseen. It was for the interest of the money changers to perpetuate the errors. Finance was called by them the most difficult of subjects, which only the money changers could understand. The error was in line of public apathy. Men went to sleep while "the speculators" picked their pockets, and turned humanity out upon the highways, idle and destitute. "The brigands thrived, but the people perished." Error was made immortal, and the spoliation of society became a profession.

The history of coinage in England is a history of progress in the arts, and of political changes from reign to reign of the monarchs. The devices on the coins show the political changes, and the style of the workmanship the progress in the arts. At first, the bits of silver were flattened by a stroke of the hammer, and the devices and inscriptions were impressed with a die, or blunt punch, on the face of which had been engraved the desired figures. By a heavy stroke of the hammer the die was driven into the metal, and the engraving was communicated to the coin. A similar die with the proper devices placed beneath the metal gave the lower side of the coin the desired impress. Thus both sides of the metal were "coined" or "struck" at the same time. It was from this circumstance that the new coins were said

to be "struck" by the minting process. These rude coins were seldom perfectly round or of the same thickness or exact in weight or shape. Hence the ease with which they were counterfeited, filed, clipped, and otherwise tampered with.

The earliest silver coin in England was the *skeatta*. It seems to have been the unit of account among the Saxons. It contained from twelve to twenty grains of silver, but its intrinsic value is not exactly known. The first silver pennies were those of Egbert, in the beginning of the ninth century. By turning the leaves of an illustrated work on the coinage of England, the various stages of improvement in the shaping and stamping of silver pieces may be traced with interest. The improvements were slow, and the irregular forms and the rude letterings continue from the time of Egbert to the reign of Elizabeth.

During all those ages, from the ninth to the seventeenth century, the silversmiths and the speculators preyed upon the coins to the damage of society. Filing and clipping were punished with hanging and burning; men and women were tortured in the most refined and cruel manner. Yet the filings and clippings went on, and so did the hangings and the burnings; the love of gain was stronger than the fear of death. Confusion in trade from having coins of different weight was general, and the wranglings, quarrellings, and fightings at the counters and on the streets were continuous. Nor were the speculators idle. The trade of the light coins for heavy was profitable. The heavy coins were sold to the silversmiths as bullion. This reduced the currency, and all taxes, debts, and every form of deferred payments became more and more burdensome as the currency was reduced.

Milled money was first seen in the reign of Elizabeth. Milling improved the shape and regularity of the coins. The screw took the place of the hammer. A collar or hollow ring was placed around the metal which was to be coined, and the edges of the coins were grained and lettered. This was a great obstacle to the clippers and filers; their work was more easily traced from the obvious defacements, and the tampering with the coins became more difficult. But the process of milling was not adopted very readily. The screw was worked by hand, as was the hammer, and the speed of

one was little greater than that of the other. The principal gain was in the quality of the workmanship, and it was not the will of the speculators nor of the clippers and filers that the workmanship should be improved. Hence, ill-shapen and poorly executed coins were common until the time of the Commonwealth, and even till the reign of William III. The gradual adoption of the screw instead of the hammer opened up a new field of thought and experiment, and, in the course of time, the hand of man applied to the lever was superseded by horse power; thus, ultimately, by the use of horse power, milled money became common.

In the reign of Elizabeth, we find the silver coinage of England to be as follows:—

Shilling	96 grains.
Sixpence	48 "
Groat	32 "
Three-penny piece	24 "
Half-groat	16 "
Three-half-penny piece	12 "
Penny	8 "
Three-farthing piece	6 "
Half-penny	4 "

In the days of William I., the pound of silver was coined into twenty shillings, but, by successive reductions, the weight of the shilling had been gradually reduced. During those days of the dearth of the money metals, before the influx from the American mines had been felt in Northern Europe, the only way to keep the supply of coins from wearing away was to reduce the weight of the pieces from time to time when the recoinages were taking place. It was thus that the number of money units was partially preserved. The milling of the coins was greatly improved during the reign of Charles I. and in the time of the Commonwealth; yet, after the Restoration, Charles II. found the coinage in such bad condition that he resolved on recoinage. Little or no progress was made, however, till the reign of William III.

There were many obstacles in the way of recoinage. What should be the weight of the new shillings? What were the people to do for money while the metal was passing through the mint? Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, advised that the new coins should be about the average weight of the old ones. This would be a reduction below

the former standard, but it would be above the weight of the lighter coins as they were then in use. It was estimated, by repeated weighings and calculations, that the average loss of weight among the old coins was from forty-five to fifty per cent. Lowndes proposed that the new shilling should be the weight of nine pence, standard weight—or that the new coins should be twenty-five per cent below the former standard. Such a policy had been adopted on former like occasions with no bad results, except that it had excited the wrath of the money changers, who scolded the king who did it for “debasement of the coin of the realm.”

If this plan were adopted, all who had coins heavier than the new standard would hasten to send them to the mint, as it would turn out for them an increased number of pieces, and would make them richer by a small percentage. And when all such pieces had been recoined, the lighter pieces could be declared no longer a legal tender, and they would hence be compelled to come to the mint in self-defence. Then as the coinage would turn out to the owners of the light coins a less number of pieces than the old coins, it would be a small matter for the government to reimburse the loss which they would suffer by the minting of their silver. As to the relation of debtor and creditor, there would be no injustice. Though the creditor might get a less weight of metal than if he had been paid in the heavier old coins, yet he would have received money of the average weight of the old coins which he had loaned, or which he had expected to receive when he became creditor.

Then there is another thing which was, and always is, the main point. Both the old and the new coins being of greater monetary value in England than the commercial value of the bullion abroad, the new shillings would stay at home. They could not be shipped abroad except at a loss. If any man desired to make foreign payments, he would use bullion instead of coin. This is always done, even when the coins are shipped—the coins must go at their bullion value; the money of one country is not money in another. This plan of the secretary seemed in every way just, equitable, and practicable. It had the advantage also, of precedent, having been practised in former times with little difficulty.

It may be added, also, that the later experiences in both England and America have proven that light-weight coins

of both gold and silver have uniformly been the safer and better ones. The shilling in England was reduced in 1816, making its value in coin six per cent above its bullion value, and at the present moment the silver shilling of England is at least fifty per cent more valuable as money than as bullion. The same is true with the subsidiary silver coins of this country. Even our present standard silver dollar is about forty per cent more valuable as money than as bullion, with no evil effects. It merely converts these coins into a domestic money which can be relied on to stay at home, while payments abroad are made with bullion, as has been the custom in all countries where gold and silver have been used as money. The coins are for home use, the bullion for use abroad. There is nothing new in this.

But, however just, however reasonable, and however supported by the experiences of men and nations, the plan of the secretary did not suit the money changers and speculators. They procured the services of the philosophers, who upset the reasoning of Lowndes. I will give their arguments in the words of Macaulay, the historian, who condemns and ridicules the plan of the secretary of the treasury. He says (vol. v., pp. 62-80):—

Happily, Lowndes was completely refuted by Locke in a paper drawn up for the use of Somers. Somers was delighted with this little treatise, and desired that it might be printed. It speedily became the text book of all the most enlightened politicians of the kingdom, and may still be read with pleasure and profit. The effect of Locke's forcible and perspicuous reasoning is greatly heightened by his evident anxiety to get at the truth, and by the singularly generous and graceful courtesy with which he treats an antagonist of far inferior powers to his own. Flamsteed, the astronomer royal, described the controversy well by saying that the point in the dispute was whether five was six or only five. . . .

Locke recommended, as Dudley North had done, that the king should by proclamation fix a day after which the hammered money should pass only by weight in all payments. The advantage of this plan was doubtless great and obvious. It was most simple, and, at the same time, most efficient. What searching, fining, branding, hanging, and burning had failed to do would be done in an instant. The clipping of the hammered pieces and the melting of the milled pieces would cease. Great quantities of good coin would come forth from secret drawers and from behind the panels of wainscots. The mutilated silver would gradually flow into the mint, and would come forth again in the form which would make mutilation impossible. In a short time the whole currency of the realm would

be in a sound state; and during the progress of this great change, there would never at any time be any scarcity of money. . . .

Locke declared that he lamented the loss which, if his advice were taken, would fall on the holders of short money. But it appeared to him that the nation must take the choice between evils. And in truth it was much easier to lay down the general proposition that the expenses of restoring the currency ought to be borne by the public, than to devise any mode by which they could, without extreme inconvenience and danger, be so borne. Was it to be announced that every person should within the term of a year and a half, carry to the mint a clipped crown, to receive in exchange for it a milled crown, and that the difference between the value of the two should be made good out of the public purse? That would be to offer a premium on clipping. The shears would be more busy than ever. The short money would every day become shorter. The difference which the tax payers would have to pay would probably be greater by a million at the end of the term than at the beginning; and all would go to the reward of the malefactors. If only a very short time were allowed for the bringing in of the hammered coin, the danger of further clipping would be reduced to little or nothing, but another danger would be incurred: the silver would flow into the mint so much faster than it could possibly flow out, that there must during some months be a grievous scarcity of money.

Finally the matter came before Parliament. It had been discussed by the king, and by the wise men who believed with Somers and Locke, but none could see their way clearly through the difficulty. When Parliament met, the money question was the first in every mind. Describing the situation, Macaulay says:—

All were thinking of the state of the coin; all were saying that something must be done. "I am afraid," said a member who expressed what many felt, "that the nation can bear neither the disease nor the cure." . . .

At length Montague, after defeating first those who were for letting things remain unaltered till the peace, and then those who were for the little shilling, carried eleven resolutions in which the outlines of his plan were set forth. It was resolved that the money of the nation should be recoined according to the old standard both as to weight and fineness, that all the new pieces should be minted, and that the loss on the clipped pieces should be borne by the public. That a time should be fixed after which no clipped money should pass except in payments to the government; that a later time should be fixed, after which no clipped money should pass at all. . . .

Thus far things had gone smoothly. But now came the crisis which required the most skilful steering. The news that the Parliament and the government were determined on a reform of the currency produced an ignorant panic among the common people. Every man wished to get rid of his clipped crowns and half-crowns. No

man liked to take them. There were brawls approaching to riots in half the streets of London. The Jacobites, always full of joy and hope in a day of adversity and public danger, ran about with easy looks and noisy tongues. The health of King James was publicly drunk in taverns and on ale benches. . . .

Early in February the panic which had been caused by the first debates on the currency, subsided, and from that time till the fourth of May, the want of money was not severely felt. The recoinage began. Ten furnaces were erected in a garden behind the treasury, which was then a part of White Hall, and which lay between the banqueting house and the river. Every day huge heaps of pared and debased crowns and shillings were turned into massy ingots, which were instantly sent off to the mint in the tower.

On this same subject, Henfrey's work on English coins (p. 251), says:—

The recoinage of hammered money was, in 1696, determined upon by the government, as it had never been withdrawn actually from circulation, and the abuses of clipping, counterfeiting, etc., were, in consequence, carried on to a great extent. In order to facilitate the more ready dispersion of the money, when coined, over the kingdom, and to effect its more speedy striking, mints were established at Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and York, besides the one of the Tower of London. Half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences of both 1696 and 1697 were coined at all these mints.

Let us now pay a visit to the mint in the Tower, as described by Macaulay:—

The horse in the tower still paced his rounds. Fresh wagon-loads of choice money still came from the mill; and still they vanished as fast as they appeared. Great masses were melted down, great masses hoarded; but scarcely one new piece was to be found in the till of the shop, or in the leathern bag which the farmer carried home from the cattle fair. In the receipts and the payments of the exchequer the milled money did not exceed ten shillings in a hundred pounds. A writer in that age mentions the case of a merchant, who, in a sum of fifty-five pounds, received only a half-crown in milled silver. Meanwhile the shears of the clippers were constantly at work. The coiners, too, multiplied and prospered; for the worse the current money became, the more easily it was imitated. . . . It was to no purpose that the rigorous laws against clipping and coining were rigorously executed. At every session that was held at the Old Bailey, terrible examples were made. Hurdles with four, five, six wretches, convicted of counterfeiting or mutilating the money of the realm, were dragged month after month up Holburn Hill. One morning seven men were hanged and one woman burned for clipping. But all was in vain; the gains were such as to lawless spirits seemed more than proportionate to the risks.

This mill and the effects it produced by coining money of full bullion value were, probably, prior to 1696, but it is a fair

illustration, showing that a full-weight money will not circulate freely, and that an overweight money will not stay at home, but will go to foreign lands, or into the shops of the silversmiths, because its bullion value is greater than its coin value.

At the close of his discussions, Macaulay runs into the common error of many historians who describe events with accuracy, but when they turn philosopher, and try to state the causes which produce certain events, they are quite at sea, and make the gravest mistakes. As an example, I quote further:—

The evils produced by this state of the currency were not such as have generally been thought worthy to occupy a prominent place in history. Yet it may well be doubted whether the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments, and bad judges were equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings.

That strong statement is, doubtless, true; but the question arises as to *which* were the “bad crowns and bad shillings”? Evidently Macaulay meant the light coins. Yet, by a moment's thought, it will be seen that it was the light money that remained in circulation, serving the purposes of business; while, on the other hand, it was the heavy money which fled to the miser's hoard, or into the shops of the silversmiths and to foreign countries.

By long experience it has been found that the least reliable of all moneys are the full-weight or overweight coins of gold and silver. It is never known when their bullion value may overmatch their monetary value, causing them to fly from the circulation as a traitor or a coward from the enemy in time of battle. Money is a domestic device; its only service as money is in the land of its birth. Money with bullion value greater than its monetary value is not a domestic money. In fact, it cannot serve as money at all. It is a cosmopolitan commodity which has no abiding home; it is a soldier of fortune with no country, no home, and no patriotism; it is the tool of the speculator; it serves the master who will pay the most, and betrays the people who cannot pay so much. So, then, with this view of the case, Macaulay's statement is true. It was the “bad shillings”—that is, the heavy shillings—which caused the evils he mentions.

For a hundred years the policy of Somers, Locke, and

Montague was persisted in, with continually recurring disasters and losses, by the exportation and melting of the full-weight and overweight coins, with only the worn and light pieces serving as a home currency; and even these were a subject of dispute at every counter and in every market. All this could have been avoided by following the advice of Lowndes. In after years this was proven to be the true policy by the law of 1816, which directed that sixty-six pence should be coined from an ounce of silver, instead of sixty-two. The light shilling, under the law of 1816, was six per cent below the bullion value, and was never melted down or exported. The new shilling stayed at home, and the people had a good, clean, new money for home use, for the first time since the old kings had been so unmercifully scolded for "debasement of the coin." Mr. Ernest Seyd has discussed this subject in his work on bullion and foreign exchange (pp. 618-21), as follows:—

Up to 1816, silver had been the true standard of value in England; at that time the relation which the British silver coin bore to the gold coin was as $15\frac{1}{4}$ to 1. . . . It was at that time in contemplation to reorganize the system of the British currency. The first step which the government resolved upon was to devise efficient measures to put a stop to the exportation of silver; this object was most effectively achieved by reducing the value of the silver coins as compared with gold, the proportion being fixed at $14\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, whilst the rest of the world kept it, as they do to the present day (1868), at $15\frac{1}{4}$ or 16 to 1. . . .

This was the first movement in favor of the single gold valuation. It was, as we have just shown, entirely practical, being based on no theory, for the very simple reason that no theory on the subject existed at that time. . . .

In England the proportionate value of gold and silver coin, as fixed by the mint law (of 1816), is as 1 to $14\frac{1}{4}$, whereas in most other countries it is as 1 to $15\frac{1}{4}$; the value of silver coin in other countries is thus artificially raised by about $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. The mint issues coin at sixty-six pence per ounce standard, whilst bar silver sells in the open market at $62\frac{1}{4}$ to $62\frac{1}{2}$ pence per ounce standard. The artificial excess of value thus given to silver coin in England is upheld simply by the operation of the law of legal tender. Now how far does this law of legal tender extend? We find, as the case stands at present, that it supplies $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the nominal value of the British silver coinage, making $93\frac{2}{3}$ parts of silver pass for 100 parts full. Could not this law be made to go further in its value-creating and supplementing action? Might it not supply 25 or 50, or even 75 or 95 per cent of the nominal value of the coinage, leaving only 75, 50, 25, or even 5 per cent of actual metallic value in the pieces of our currency? Have we not, indeed, in our copper coinage proof positive that the

operation of the law of legal tender is sufficiently powerful to supply at least 75 per cent of the nominal value of the pieces, leaving only 25 per cent intrinsic metallic value. Nay, why should we not dispense altogether with the silver coinage, and substitute a non-metallic paper instead, as is actually done in certain countries where they have a forced paper currency?

Mr. Seyd thinks a paper currency depending entirely for its value on the law of legal tender would not be a success in England. But further along in his discussion (p. 657), he says:—

As differences in value declare themselves, the law of legal tender, as we have shown before, is strong enough to cope with them to a certain extent. No difference has as yet appeared exceeding the one-tenth part of the proved power of this law.

According to that statement, Mr. Seyd is of the opinion that the law of legal tender can supply ten times $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the lack of bullion value of the coins of England. The bullion value of the English shilling at present (1894) is full fifty per cent less than its monetary value. The same is true of the subsidiary silver coinage of the United States, as already stated; and there is no difficulty as to that difference under the law of legal tender, in either country. If this fact had been known and acted on in the days of William III., what an untold amount of loss and human suffering would have been avoided; at the time of the recoinage of silver described by Macaulay. Yet when this reasonable and just policy was proposed by Lowndes, he was laughed to scorn and his advice rejected. All the great financiers, statesmen, philosophers, and even the historian Macaulay, with the plain facts of the nineteenth century before his eyes, were against the secretary. Yet time has vindicated Lowndes and his policy respecting light shillings. All the great men of England and America practically agree, now, that light coins alone can be relied on to remain at home as a safe currency.

This costly lesson has been learned as respects silver, but in the matter of gold the theory of the dark ages still prevails. It is still insisted that gold coin must not exceed its value in bullion. This creates and perpetuates the danger of exportation of coin, deranging the finances of gold-using countries, as was formerly the case in England

as to silver. This is the theory as to gold, but in practice it is so absurd that by English law an ounce of gold bullion is worth one and a half pence less than when it is coined into money.

In the light of all the facts, it is plain that the monetary value of gold coins should exceed the bullion value to an amount sufficient to cover the ordinary fluctuations of gold bullion. It should be greater than the one and a half pence per ounce, as in England—say about one or two per cent. This difference can be maintained by a small reduction in the bullion weight of the gold coinage, and a charge of one or two per cent for the mintage of gold coin.

I have not discussed the devices on the faces of the coins. Some of them are instructive, some comic, and all interesting. On pages 444-45 of Donnelly's work on "The Lost Atlantis," are illustrations of two ancient coins, dug up, one among the ruins of Tyre, the other in Central America. Each of them has on its face the figure of a small tree with a serpent loosely coiled about the stem; which, suggests the writer, may have been "the original source of our dollar mark (\$)." Starting with this, it is not difficult to imagine that the old-fashioned pound mark (£), representing the English pound sterling, may have been suggested by a serpent partly coiled, with head erect, looking for game, or in the act of striking its victim; and it has been further suggested that the serpent on the coin was meant to convey the secret and quiet dangers of the money power, and the poisonous and biting nature of usury.

On the shilling struck in the reign of Philip and Mary (1554-56) are the faces of the two monarchs, turned toward each other, with noses nearly touching. The humorists were not slow in observing the situation, and, ere long, the street urchins were singing:

Still amorous, fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary upon a shilling.

When the matter of placing the eagle on the American dollar was being discussed in Congress, one member earnestly objected, on the ground that, the eagle being the king of birds, its image was not a proper design for the money of a republic. Another member suggested that the objection could be avoided by using the image of a goose instead. He

argued that the goose was a humble republican bird, and that the consistency of the matter could be maintained by placing the goslings of different ages on the halves, quarters, and dimes. This discussion created great merriment, which highly enraged the first speaker. He resented the suggestion of the goose and goslings as a personal insult, and immediately sent a challenge to the second member. The challenge was not accepted.

"Why," said the friends of the challenged man, "he will brand you as a coward."

"Let him do so if he pleases," was the reply. "I always was a coward, and he knew it, or he never would have risked sending me a challenge."

The trouble ended, as it began, with a laugh. The irate challenger very soon came to his senses, and said: "Well, I cannot fight a man who fires nothing but jokes."

There are many things in this money question which are comic, many more that are tragic, and the whole subject is of paramount importance. The law of 1816 was a new step by the speculators for the spoliation of the English people. It demonetized silver in all payments above forty shillings. Loans of cheap money during the Napoleonic wars were to be paid in gold only, when money was scarce — made scarce on purpose by the laws of 1816 and 1819. The plan worked well for the speculators, but for the people it was destitution and death. The robbery of the English people whetted the appetite of greed, and increased the power of the speculators, who are now known as "the great fund holders of the world."

In the seventies the same scheme of speculation was perpetrated by the same agency, and in the same interest, in Germany and in the United States; and still later in several of the minor countries of Europe, and in all of the British colonies. This made the question international. The Rubicon was crossed when British power and influence closed the mints of India against silver coinage. There will be no retreat. The greed of the usurers is aggressive and merciless. Like the serpent in August, they are blind with venom. Their object is to double their own wealth, through the contraction of money and the appreciation of gold. In gold, alone, they demand all payments.

This means falling prices, increasing burdens, and indus-

trial slavery for the world's workers. It means the paralysis and decadence of modern civilization. We have already entered the penumbra of the eclipse. The producing and useful classes of civilized countries must rally to the rescue, or human liberty and human progress will be matters of history only.

AMONG THE ADEPTS OF SERINAGUR.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

PART I.

IT may be doubted whether any work of philosophical import, published within the last decade or so, has been more widely read and discussed than A. P. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism." No less than six editions have appeared in England and the United States, and probably as many more may be confidently expected before the singular fascination of this book has worn away. And yet the literary merit of "Esoteric Buddhism" is not a conspicuous one, nor is its philosophical significance of a very high order. In fairness to Mr. Sinnett, let it be borne in mind that he makes no pretensions to personal scholarship or philosophical acumen; he merely claims to have been the fortunate recipient of information volunteered to him by one of India's great adepts, not under promise of secrecy, but with the distinct injunction to communicate to the western world certain marvellous truths in reference to questions which have puzzled the wisest of mankind from the very dawn of reason.

Herein lies the great fascination of Mr. Sinnett's book. It appeals to the mystic faculty, the sense of wonder—one of the deep-rooted instincts of human nature—and such appeals are seldom in vain; they will command the attention even of those who would fain deny the possibility of phenomena that lie beyond the narrow scope of their personal experience. Besides, what can be more alluring than the prospect of obtaining a clue to some great secret, nay, the very cardinal secret, which has confronted us during all these ages with its stubborn reality? We find ourselves—some two billion unfortunates, companions in misery—inhabiting the outer surface of a gigantic body, which rotates at a furious rate, while it plows its way through pathless oceans of space. Over us presses a sea of air, the thickness of which has been variously estimated at from forty to four

hundred miles, so that we may well be compared with tiny crustaceans, crawling about slowly at the bottom of a mighty ocean.

Whence we come we know as little as we know whither we go, or why we are here; we only realize that we are burdened with an existence which none of us desired, and which, far from being an advantage, is a veritable curse to ninety-nine out of every hundred of our race. Even the favored few, who deem themselves happy in their fool's paradise, and who hug the lash which sooner or later must descend on their flesh, while cruelly shutting their eyes to the horrors which surround them: are they indeed to be envied? Is not their comfort a very poor and ephemeral one — a mere lessening of momentary sorrow, at the cost of greater misery elsewhere? Would one of them desire a *repetition* of all this felicity? Verily, instead of a paean of thanks there rises a universal cry of anguish to that "heaven" which was looked for beyond the clouds, and which our benighted and deluded forefathers tried so desperately hard to believe in.

The riddle of existence has not been, and probably never will be, completely solved, although it would be an unwarrantably dogmatic assertion to pronounce as absolutely impossible so gigantic a triumph of the human mind. But the knowledge that a certain much-travelled road can never lead us to the desired goal — no matter with what speed we may pursue it — is a decided gain, and, as I shall endeavor to show in my essay on "The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins," we may rest assured that our methods of scientific inquiry will never bring us an inch nearer the solution of any fundamental philosophical problem. Whatever physical science may still accomplish in the way of increasing our material comforts, it will never solve the hoary riddle of the Sphinx. We may analyze and dissect matter for another million years, yet the result will be merely an extended knowledge of observed sequences, a vast accumulation of so-called facts, an ever-growing complication of the already bewildering maze of recorded phenomena, for "Within the charmed circle of matter there is no hope for redemption." *

I venture to assert that this conclusion will ultimately

* An utterance of Tsong Shéra. This remarkable philosopher and esoteric initiate, in whose society the author travelled from Darjeeling to the Lamasera of Boran-chu in Thibet, will be dealt with in a special paper.

force itself upon every genuine follower of science, if he pauses long enough to generalize and survey his accumulated treasures of knowledge. My own struggles in the search for truth are, perhaps, typical of a class; and although, as a matter of delicacy, I would avoid biographical details, yet, in the interest of greater clearness, it may be well for me to give here a very brief outline of my pursuits during the last twenty years. It will render many things intelligible which might not, otherwise, be fully understood.

Although the educational advantages were great which, as a boy and student, I enjoyed in Germany, yet I may say that I owe the store of my information to my own efforts in later life, viz., to an intense craving for knowledge, which caused me to enter deeply into various departments of science which, under ordinary circumstances, are mastered only by specialists, working in particular grooves. It has been my fate to travel rather extensively, and this also opened my eyes to many things which are not, usually, learned from books. I left Germany when still a youth, accompanying Dr. F. Goldschmied, a distinguished archæologist and Sanscrit scholar, to the island of Ceylon, to explore the ruined cities of Anuradhapoorā and Pollanarua, now buried in the jungle, and spend two years in that land of mystery, of which I could tell a tale. I afterwards travelled, as a naturalist, over the whole of India, then through a part of Thibet, Bhotan, and British Burmah, and, in 1883, from Rangoon to Mandalay, being at that period the first European who ventured alone through the wilds of the Irawaddy.

Of my subsequent travels in Madagascar, South Africa, and on this continent, I will only say that they enabled me to amass a store of knowledge which no amount of book study could have conferred; yet this knowledge, for a long time, was exclusively confined to natural phenomena and their classification—that is to say, a knowledge derived from experience and direct observation, recognizing no other guide, and denying, or refusing to believe in, the existence of anything which could not be rendered tangible, as it were, or expressed in number and quantity. In fact, I had developed into a materialist, in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term, and although I was fully aware that an almost unlimited field of the unknown still surrounded me, yet I was at times sanguine enough to hope that physical science would

eventually pierce the gloom and reveal the fundamental secret of this great world puzzle. At other times I would recognize the illusory nature of such an expectation, and drift into a kind of Schopenhauerian pessimism.

In penning this record I am, in a measure, stating the case of the typical modern scientist. One half of these — chiefly the younger element — are sanguine and self-sufficient, living in a sort of fool's paradise, and imagining that if they only classify, guage, weigh, and measure long enough, they will ultimately measure out the causes of their own being. The other half, older and wiser, have given up the struggle and surrendered to Schopenhauer, holding that there is an insurmountable limit to our understanding, that some things must remain unknown forever, and that all we can do is to submit quietly to the inevitable. There is, of course, a third (and, unfortunately, very large) class, composed of those who look upon science as a trade, and who never bother their heads about anything beyond getting a living. These are here left out of consideration.

Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," as an attempt to solve the world mystery, is an egregious failure. It contains absolutely nothing that is calculated to throw a new light on the question as to man's origin and destiny; and the wide attention which this work has attracted is simply due to the fact that it presents the Indian doctrines of reincarnation and Karma for the first time in a language devoid of the traditional vagueness and obscurity. There is enough of fascination in these products of the oriental mind to ensure the success of any rational effort to discuss them in popular language. These doctrines are of hoary antiquity, and have been entertained, with various modifications, by a considerable section of the human race, from as far back as history has yet been able to feel its way. The Egyptians were notably imbued with the belief in reincarnation, and their whole mode of life, down to the minutest details, was regulated by it; while at the present day it may be said that throughout the Buddhist world (under which we must include India, for modern Brahminism is only a modified Buddhism) reincarnation and Karma are accepted as matters of course — so much so, indeed, that no one ever dreams of raising a doubt in this direction.

And, in truth, there is nothing preposterous in the idea of

reincarnation, even in the light of western science, and the worst that can be said about it is that it cannot be verified by ocular demonstration, so as to satisfy, for instance, a chemist or physicist accustomed to his laboratory methods. Surely, the fact of being born into this world once is quite as wonderful as the prospect of reappearing a hundred or a million times. Nay, if we are to take any stock in the so-called "law of probability," it would seem grotesquely unreasonable that we should only once flash into a momentary consciousness, to be extinguished forever in the night of non-existence; for our experience teaches us that the occurrence of an isolated phenomenon has been, practically, excluded from the scheme of creation. Everything in this cosmos is apparently destined to repeat itself, not once, but an endless number of times.

Now, as to the rest of Mr. Sinnett's elaborations, I am constrained to declare that they are far from presenting anything like the generally accepted cosmogony of either esoteric or exoteric gnosticism in the land of the lotus. The merit of "Esoteric Buddhism" begins and ends with the popular presentation of the ancient doctrines of reincarnation and Karma. All the rest of the volume—viz., the chapters dealing with the "planetary chain," "septenary laws," and the "seven principles of man"—is idle speculation, the dream of a small philosophical school, which flourished some three hundred years ago at Bhurtpoor, and now deemed of as little importance by enlightened Hindoos as Captain Symmes' demonstration of his "hollow earth," or the scientific arguments of the Duke of Argyle by western scholars. The author of "Esoteric Buddhism" carefully avoids disclosing the source of his information, although it is clear that if these revelations were made to him with a view of his giving them wide publicity—as distinctly claimed—concealment of authority was, to say the least, a singular method of promoting their credibility. All Mr. Sinnett has to offer in the line of credentials is the somewhat vague assertion that these tidings had been "destined for communication to the world through the Theosophical Society," by "certain persons who are among the custodians of esoteric science."

Now, I have travelled in India for a number of years, and have yet to learn that a Vedic scholar, Pundit, or Arhat

ever imposed the condition of secrecy (regarding his own personality) as the price of information of a purely philosophical character. Hindoo *savants* are ever ready to plead for and discuss their cosmological theories, of which an incredible number has been elaborated among a people passionately fond of speculative reasoning. That which forms the subject of my paper on "The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins" is merely the one which, in the struggle for existence among theories, has triumphantly come to the front, and is now regarded by the foremost Brahmin scholars as the crown and flower of their theosophic lore. I have never, while in India, observed among the adherents of any of the philosophical schools a disposition to keep their tenets secret, although, as a general rule, they wisely abstain from discussing abstruse topics with those who are either unable to understand them, or who manifest a hostile, strongly-biased attitude towards them. The profound and marvellous cosmogony erroneously styled "the *secret doctrine*" is indeed unknown to the ordinary Hindoo, not because of alleged precautions on the part of initiates, but simply because the average oriental can no more grasp these conceptions than the ordinary westerner is able to follow the subtle reasoning of Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, or Herbert Spencer.

Those who, in the true sense, deserve the appellation of "adepts" in India, are not the speculative philosophers or elaborators of cosmogonies; their tenets are open to all, and although there has not, until very recently, existed a printing press, worthy the name, in India, or any other agency which could materially assist in the dissemination of knowledge, yet it was a matter of constant surprise to me to notice how well-informed the better class of Hindoos were of everything worth knowing in the field of their philosophical literature. The real adepts are often men remarkably deficient in philosophical and even general information. I have found among them individuals who would be deemed exceedingly ignorant, if judged by our western standard of education; men, for instance, who had not the haziest knowledge of geography, and to whom even the history of their own country was, in great measure, a sealed book. Yet these men were the custodians of secrets for which many an intellectual giant would readily exchange twenty years of his life—secrets which, so far, have successfully baffled the re-

searches of the best western thinkers and experimenters, and which not only enable the possessor to suspend or defy the ordinary "laws of nature," but to triumph over time and space, with an ease and readiness which the Greeks hardly dared to attribute to their Olympian gods.

There are, among the adepts, men of vast mental calibre, philosophers in the highest sense, men whose society is coveted by the foremost Hindoo scholars, and who bear the stamp of genius in their countenances; but they are rare exceptions, like everything else that is great and noble in this sorrowful world. What I desire to dwell upon is the fact that adeptship in the real esoteric science of India does not presuppose great learning or intellectual superiority on the part of the initiate. The years of probation, and the almost incredible hardships which are often inflicted upon the neophyte before he is deemed worthy of reception into the "Brotherhood," are more intended to test his physical endurance and observe his trustworthiness, than to increase his store of information.

In the following I will briefly relate how, when in Northern India, I tried to secure initiation into the mysteries of "Raj Yog," and my experiences among the adepts of Serinagur.

Serinagur, or, as it is more frequently styled, Srinagar, is located in the beautiful vale of Kashmir, and is the capital of that unique mountain paradise of the northwestern Himalaya. The Jhelam River here gathers its crystal waters from the pure snows of the uplands, viz., from the labyrinth of majestic peaks, ridges, and furrowed slopes which encircle the incomparable "valley of roses," and which send down rivulets, streams, and cascades in bewildering profusion. This Jhelam River is the famous Hydaspes of ancient lore, on whose banks Alexander subdued Porus, one of the most powerful princes of the Punjab, in the year 326 B. C.*

The city of Serinagur itself is of remote antiquity, and, during the last eighteen centuries, has been venerated by the Northern Buddhists, because here, under the auspices of the great King Kanishka, the fourth Buddhist council was held, in the year 9 of our era. At this council a new version, in Sanscrit, of the sacred canon, known as the "Tribitaka,"

* This battle took place at Chillianwallah, about one hundred miles to the southwest of Serinagur. The Jhelam is one of the five rivers from which the Punjab derives its name (Pan-jab = five waters.) They are all tributaries of the Indus.

was made, and translated into Thibetan, the translation filling one hundred volumes.

In March, 1881, when on the point of leaving Umballa for Jalandhar in the Punjab, my learned friend Chenda Doáb, a Pundit to whom I am greatly indebted for information which, for a long time, I had vainly sought to obtain, advised me to visit Kashmir, and offered to furnish me with a letter of introduction to Coomra Sámi, "one of the adepts of Serinagur." Up to that moment I had not thought of including Kashmir in my itinerary, my plan being to proceed only as far to the west as Lahore, and thence south to the Aravali Hills, a region which, in a geological sense, is still *terra incognita*, but I readily altered my programme. I would not have deemed it likely that favorable opportunities for studying the problem of Indian occultism would present themselves in that northwestern corner of the peninsula.

My letter of introduction consisted of a rectangular strip of palmyra leaf, on which the Pundit, in my presence, traced four lines of writing, with a sharp-pointed stylus. The writing at first was almost invisible, but when Chenda afterwards rubbed the leaf with a piece of burned linen, moistened with cocoanut oil, the characters came out black and distinct, and proved to be Nágari letters, seemingly devoid of meaning, and interspersed with curious hieroglyphics.

Of the incidents of my long journey to Kashmir I will say nothing on this occasion. The scenery through which it led me was perhaps the grandest I ever beheld in any of the four continents through which it has been my lot to travel. It seemed to grow in magnificence, in proportion as I approached the goal of my wanderings, and I shall never forget the hours whiled away on the borders of idyllic mountain lakes, and in the groves and gardens of secluded valleys, nor my lonely camping days in the great cedar forests, where the stately deodar raises its crown to the purest of skies. These memories alone would have been ample reward for the journey to Kashmir.

I arrived at Serinagur * about the middle of May, and at once inquired for the great Coomra Sámi, intending to take up my quarters as near to his habitation as possible. I had never dreamed of any difficulty in finding the adept, whom

* There is another Serinagur in India, viz., on the Ganges, near the sacred city of Hurdwar.

I had imagined to be a person of social prominence in the city; but to my astonishment and dismay, I found that he was practically unknown. The few European residents had never heard of such an individual, and the local authorities directed me to a one-eyed Mohammedan shopkeeper, whose name (Rásami) slightly resembled that of the person I was in quest of. All inquiries which I instituted in the bazaars proved in vain, and I already began to suspect the integrity of my friend Chenda, and to think that he had played a huge practical joke on me, when my apprehensions were ended by a Beloochi shepherd, who informed me that Coomra Sámi lived three miles to the northwest of Serinagur, and was known among the local sheep raisers as Sámadhi Múnshi ("the man who speaks seldom"). I at once engaged him as a guide, and within two hours afterwards I stood in the presence of the adept.

The abode of Coomra Sámi was a singular one. It was formed partly of the walls of an old pagoda, of the earlier Buddhist type (semi-elliptical), of which several fine specimens still exist in Eastern Nepal and Thibet. This pagoda had been turned into a monastery, after having been ruined at least once by the Mongols, and after having doubtless served numerous other purposes during the course of the centuries. In 1738 the monks were driven out by Nadir Shah,* and the building was again partly destroyed, and for more than a hundred years after this, Kashmiri shepherds might have been seen driving their flocks into the deserted rooms, to take shelter from storms. All around the neighborhood the valley is studded with ruins, and for nearly a mile higher up I could trace the foundations of houses, sometimes covering half an acre of ground, and almost concealed from view by a tangled vegetation of ferns and creepers, in which the lizards were holding high carnival.

These were the ruins of Kanishkapúra, the old city of the great Kanishka, the valiant champion of Buddhism and hero of a hundred legends, who may be termed the Indian King Arthur, and this also was another vestige of the fatal work of Tamerlane. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The old building to which my guide had brought me was the only habitable

* The invasion of India by this fierce Persian despot, who brought the Mogul empire to destruction, was perhaps the greatest calamity India ever suffered since the days of Tamerlane. Among the spoils carried away by this miscreant was the famous peacock throne of Delhi, valued at thirty million dollars.

corner in this strange wilderness, which nature had once more rendered beautiful by covering the dreary memorials of man's ferocity with her mantle of verdure.

Coomra Sámi was not the only inhabitant of this vale of ruins; he had with him four companions — men of perhaps as many different Indian nationalities — and this singular household was completed by two dusky menials, of which one acted as cook, while the other served in the joined capacities of gardener and keeper of a small herd of goats. As I approached the "hermitage," which externally presented a most uninviting appearance, a tall individual, who apparently had been on the lookout for somebody, rose from behind a row of huge earthen jars, placed in front of the entrance, and, slowly descending the broken steps, held out his hand in token of welcome. This was no less a person than Coomra Sámi, *alias* Sámadhi Múnshi, the object of my pilgrimage, the man on whose account I had traversed nearly four hundred miles of mountainous country, and under whose tutelage I expected to augment considerably my knowledge of Indian occultism.

His figure was exceedingly slender, and his face perhaps the most emaciated I ever beheld; yet the features were by no means repulsive, and might even be called pleasant, were it not for a certain forbidding expression, chiefly noticeable about the lips, which denoted sternness and an uncompromising individuality. The dress of Coomra Sámi was certainly not selected on æsthetic principles; he wore a dark brown caftan, which covered the greater part of his body, sheepskin slippers at least four inches too long for him, and a yellow skull-cap of superlative hideousness. Altogether his appearance struck me as singularly odd, even in that strange corner of the strangest of all countries, where the unusual and unexpected meet one at every turn, and where the traveller from the far West often finds it difficult to realize that he is not dreaming.

"You are the white *múnshi* from Lanka" (Ceylon), he addressed me, in Tamil, which, at that time, was the only Indian language that I could speak with some degree of fluency.

"The country of my birth lies further west," I replied, "but I lived two years in Ceylon."

Coomra Sámi nodded twice, and after an embarrassing

pause, during which we remained standing at the foot of the stair, he said, "Yes, your home is in Frankistan, but the Devas guided you, and you came as a pilgrim to the sacred island."

"Not as a pilgrim," I protested, "my voyage to Ceylon had no religious background." I then took pains to explain to the recluse that, previous to my departure from Germany, I had not even been aware of the fact that Ceylon was "holy land" (so little had I known of the religious history of the Orient); that I was a student of natural science, who had accompanied a Sanscrit scholar on a tour of exploration, and that my presence in the far East was, in great measure, due to accident.

"You talk like a true *sutu káran*" (man from the West), said Coomra Sámi, when I had finished, as he led the way to a tree close by, at the foot of which a rude bench was located, on which we both sat down. "With you everything is accident; you come into the world by accident, and you are short-sighted enough to imagine that the union of your parents also was due to accident. Your whole life is a series of accidents, and, when finally the soul quits the carcass, your death is, in most cases, attributed to accident."

"You are mistaken as to the latter point," I answered, impressed by the solemnity and dignity of Coomra's manner. "We only speak of such deaths as due to accident, as are entirely unforeseen—for instance, when a person is drowned, shot, or killed by lightning; and these, after all, are rare exceptions."

"I have lived among your people," said the adept thoughtfully, "and I noticed that even in ordinary cases of death through disease, they would say: 'Oh, if he had not caught cold on such and such an occasion,' 'if he had not drank that ice-cold water when he was perspiring,' or 'if he had not spent two days in that fever-stricken village'—as if a man held his destiny in his own hands, and could act contrary to the decrees of fate."

"Here is a letter from Chenda Doáb of Umballa," I said, handing him the thin wooden case which contained the palmyra leaf, "but I see that he has already advised you of my coming."

"Chenda has sent me no message of any sort," replied Coomra Sámi; "it is more than two years since I received a

written or verbal communication from him," and he carefully inspected the curious document.

"Then how did you learn about my arrival, and who told you that I had been to Ceylon?" I replied, now indeed astonished, but still positive that some one had informed him.

"I knew you were coming," said the adept, "and nobody advised me of the fact. I saw you cross the Suttlej River, and will describe some of your experiences on the way through the hills; after that you shall judge for yourself as to whether my knowledge is derived from other parties." And to my amazement Coomra described, step by step, the journey I had made, the localities where I had camped,* and even the *character of my musings*, challenging me to ask him anything I pleased in this direction, and answering with an unhesitating accuracy and precision which fairly bewildered me.

"You have come here to study our wisdom," he resumed after a long pause. "There is great merit in such an undertaking, and we turn nobody from our door. Many years ago two white *múnshis* came here, and stayed with us for a long while; one went to the summit of yonder mountain, where he perished, and the other lies buried behind that wall," and he pointed to a low ruin across the stream, where half a dozen black goats were busily engaged in botanical research. This was cheerful information, and something like a chill crept over me as I thought of the day when Coomra Sámi would probably point out *my* lonely grave, with the same unconcern, to some future pilgrim to the shrine of Isis.

"You must not stay in Serinagur," said Coomra Sámi, rising. "I have a room here ready for you, close to mine; you cannot learn much while you remain in contact with yonder cattle" (meaning the inhabitants of the city). "Send for your belongings—or, rather, leave them where they are, for the less you bring with you into this retreat the better. There is no greater folly than that of having a multitude of things around one that are useless and draw away one's attention."

My sensations, as I arose, may be described as a mixture of fear and curiosity, but the latter feeling predominated. I thought of the two dead *múnshis*, and the prospect of find-

* I had not followed the route usually taken by travellers, but had proceeded according to my own whim, sometimes zigzag fashion, exploring hills and river-beds that led me miles out of the beaten track.

ing an early grave in that solitude repelled me, at a time when I still looked upon life as a boon; but, on the other hand, my desire to penetrate the veil which obscures the ordinary vision was so intense that I would have faced almost any risk to secure so great a privilege. The Rubicon of doubts was crossed, and I followed Coomra Sámi into the building.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM.

BY C. H. LUGRIN.

THE dominant factor in the growth and development of the United States has been the existence of an immense domain of public land, whereon every person desiring a home could procure one, and out of which new states could be carved from time to time. The treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783 left this nation in possession of 830,000 square miles of territory, over one half of which settlement had extended more or less continuously, but reached nowhere more than 250 miles from the Atlantic coast. To the west lay what seemed a boundless, unoccupied domain. A few venturesome spirits had explored the Mississippi valley. The Missouri was unknown. If the existence of the Rocky Mountains had been established, they had scarcely a more prominent place in the thought of that day than the mountains of Mars have in the thought of to-day. A dozen courageous souls had contemplated the Pacific coast as a possible arena for profitable ventures. But the nation consisted of less than 5,000,000 people, living on the Atlantic slope of the Alleghanies.

The territorial growth of the country may be noted* :—

Area ceded by Great Britain in 1783	830,000	square miles.
Louisiana purchase in 1803	1,182,752	"
Florida purchase in 1819	59,268	"
Annexation of Texas in 1845	274,356	"
Treaty with Mexico in 1848	522,568	"
Texan claims from Mexico in 1850	96,707	"
Gadsden purchase from Mexico in 1853	45,525	"
Alaska purchase in 1867	577,390	"

Total 3,588,566 square miles.

It is interesting to note that only twice in the history of the country have more than twenty-five years elapsed with-

* I take the figures from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*.

out the acquisition of new territory—once between the Florida purchase and the annexation of Texas, and the second time since the Alaska purchase. There is no apparent reason to anticipate any further territorial extension. Mexico has no disposition to part with any more territory by purchase, even if the United States were disposed to buy, and if any one can discern indications that Canada desires or that Great Britain would consent to the extension of our domain to the north, he must be able to read more deeply beneath the surface than the great majority of people. Indeed, I think it may fairly be said that this country does not desire further territorial aggrandizement. Therefore I assume that, after a period of unprecedented territorial expansion—from 830,000 square miles to 3,588,566 in sixty-four years—we have come to a limit at which we must expect to remain for many years to come.

This marvellous growth has been, I repeat, the dominant factor in the development of the nation, for it has facilitated the solution of every social, political, and economic problem which has arisen—nay, more, it has prevented grave problems from arising. But an abundance of fertile soil available for settlement and other vast natural resources have led to the following among other results:—

1. National extravagance in land and products of all kinds approaching wastefulness.
2. The acquiring of large areas by private corporations to be held for speculative purposes.
3. The incurring of an enormous indebtedness on the faith of the future development of the country.

I specify these three results because the first two seem to have an important bearing upon the third, and because all three have a bearing upon the question of providing means of subsistence for the great and growing army of the unemployed.

It is my purpose to consider first the third of the above specified results. The national, state, county, and municipal indebtedness of this country, the stock and funded indebtedness of railway and other corporations, the securities of loan and insurance companies, and the various other descriptions of interest, rent, or dividend paying properties existing in or charged upon fixed property within the United States, and held abroad, is very large. The aggregate of these

amounts, which may be generally described as the indebtedness of the country, is variously estimated, some persons putting it as high as \$30,000,000,000, or one half the estimated value of all the property in the country. Probably this estimate is excessive. The best approximation I have been able to make leads me to place the amount of this indebtedness held abroad at \$10,000,000,000. I do not think it is any less; it may be very much more. I am aware of no reliable data as to the amount of interest, dividend, and profits foreigners derive from their investments here, but if the average is four per cent, it means an annual draft upon this country of \$400,000,000, which is about equal to our exportable surplus of farm produce, and animals and their produce in the producer's hands. The actual amount is not material for the purposes of a general argument, for it is undoubtedly enormous, and we have to pay it every year out of our exports.

If the development of the country had not created new opportunities for investment, the ability to import anything after paying these charges would have been exceedingly limited, unless we had been able to send away actual bullion to pay for our imports. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of foreign capital invested in this country and the great payments which we have to make abroad in the nature of interest every year, the amount of bullion exported and imported is comparatively small. As is generally known, only balances are settled by payments of bullion, the bulk of financial transactions being accomplished by the transferring of credit. This point is worth further amplification now, when so much attention is being paid to financial questions.

Let it be supposed that there is due foreign holders of our securities for interest, \$100,000,000; that we have purchased abroad \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise to be imported; that we have exported \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise; that foreign capitalists have invested \$100,000,000 in this country, and that these amounts represent the transactions of a certain period and can be isolated from all previous or subsequent transactions. The account would be balanced so far as remittances went. We would pay the interest by our exports, and would pay for our imports by investing their price here for foreign capitalists. We would

be \$100,000,000 more in debt at the end of the year than we were at the beginning, but we would have received foreign merchandise to represent the amount of that indebtedness. This merchandise, it may be noted in passing, would be largely consumed as received, while the indebtedness would be permanent. If in the supposed case the foreigner did not wish to invest anything in the country, we could not import anything unless we sent away bullion to pay for it, and if our exports did not equal our interest in value, we would have to send away bullion to make up the deficiency. In actual business, of course, these transactions all run into each other, and balances are carried over from one year to another, but the illustration shows the principle underlying the commercial and financial relations of all countries. In the case of this country, two very large factors have to be considered in addition to those mentioned, namely, the freights paid foreign ship owners and the money expended in Europe by Americans. Our foreign trade and financial relations may be thus expressed:—

Dr.

To payments in the nature of interest abroad
value of merchandise purchased abroad
freights paid foreign shipowners
expenses of tourists abroad

Cr.

By merchandise exported
investments made in this country by foreigners
expenditures in this country by foreigners

It is evident that if there is a falling off in either of the items on the credit side of the account, it will be necessary for us to meet a greater part of the payments on the debit side by the shipment of bullion, and that if the items on the debit side fall below those on the credit side, we will receive shipments of bullion. Therefore it becomes important to inquire if there is likely to be any serious falling off in either of the items on the credit side. I suggest that there is.

Our exports consist principally of the produce of the soil, and of these, breadstuffs and cotton form the chief items. In regard to breadstuffs, several things are to be noted:

We cannot materially expand the area devoted to the production of breadstuffs without utilizing lands requiring irrigation. I concede that there is a large unoccupied area in the South, but the production of cereals there in competition with the products of more northerly regions will, I feel assured, be out of the question, the low yield per acre being of itself a sufficient obstacle. I do not think that it will be found profitable to devote irrigated lands to the production of grain for export in competition with the vast natural wheat fields of Canada, Australia, and Russia. We can greatly increase our product of maize, but while we may find a somewhat enlarged market for it and its secondary products, it will not be likely to take the place in European markets now occupied by our wheat. A careful review of the situation convinces me that our export of breadstuffs has practically reached high-water mark, and as population increases we must look for a substantial decrease. A new competitor will shortly be in the field. I refer to Siberia, across which the Russian government is now constructing a railway. Here are millions of acres of the finest wheat-growing land in the world, and that their products will find their way to Europe can hardly be questioned.

I think that the estimates which indicate that the balance between our home supply and home consumption of wheat is likely to be reached in 1895 are somewhat astray, though not seriously so. The increase of our population, if it continues at the rate of the decade 1880-90, will be sufficient to call for over 60,000,000 bushels of wheat more in 1900 than were needed in 1890, with other products in proportion. It will be a subject for congratulation if the country is able to produce any considerable exportable surplus of wheat in the year 1900.

Is there any likelihood that there will be a falling off in foreign investments in this country? I suggest that it is at least advisable to contemplate the possibility of this. The events of the past few years in the stock market have not been calculated to promote confidence in what are called American securities; but it is not to the uncertain value of some of our best stocks that I refer when considering the influences which may operate to decrease the amount of foreign capital seeking investment here. We have clearly passed a period of maximum railway construction, or at least

what will be the maximum for many years to come, for the very sufficient reason that few if any great railway projects within the United States remain to be undertaken. I venture, of course, no prediction as to the possible effects of progress in electrical engineering. There is no present prospect of any large foreign national loan. The disposition of the people is against incurring any increase of national, state, county, or municipal indebtedness, and while new loans will be made from time to time, the expansion will, I anticipate, be small in comparison with existing loans. Uncertainty as to the financial policy of the country will make investors timid in regard to new securities which we may have to offer.

There is an element which is not much considered in this connection, but it cannot be safely left out of our calculations—namely, the Populist agitation. If the extremists of that party have their way, the value of all our securities will become problematical. We have already heard them talk hopefully in Kansas of being able to legislate to prevent the collection of debts and the foreclosure of mortgages, also to place the whole burden of taxation upon foreign property holders and corporations, in the hope of being able to confiscate such property to the state for non-payment of taxes. If by any combination of circumstances these extremists shall be able in any one of the states to give even a partial effect to their revolutionary ideas, the effect would be disastrous as far as the chances for future investment of foreign capital are concerned. The constant agitation of the Populist party, followed by any substantial political success, will have a tendency to cause distrust among foreign capitalists as to investments in this country.

I am not discussing whether or not such investments are desirable for this country as an abstract proposition. I only point out that the fact that they have been made in such enormous sums is one of the reasons why our national balance sheet does not every year show an overflow of bullion so great that it would speedily take every ounce of gold coin and bullion out of the country. It may be that it would be well to stop the investment of foreign capital, but if so we must either be prepared to stop importing, to make default in our interest payments, or to ship abroad a vastly increased amount of bullion every year.

There is yet to be considered a side to the great economic question confronting the country, which appeals not only to the humanity of the people, but to their self-interest. This I propose briefly to indicate.

I saw in a recent New York paper that there were in that city more than 100,000 workmen out of employment. The late mayor of Chicago has said that there were 200,000 out of employment there. By workmen out of employment is not meant the tramp or criminal element, but men who would willingly work if they could get anything to do. From every part of the land comes a story similar to that which reaches us from our two greatest cities, so that it appears not unreasonable to estimate that there may be in the whole country a million unemployed workmen. The habit when speaking from a military point of view is to estimate one able-bodied person for every five of the population. If this holds good as respects our workingmen, we may set down the army of the unemployed as representing 5,000,000 people, or one third the male population of the nation. Marching four deep the unemployed workingmen would make a column three hundred miles long, while the women and children, the aged, sick, and infirm dependent upon them, would trail along for twelve hundred miles in the rear.

Such a host may well excite our pity, for in its existence is implied much present and more future want and suffering. But is it not also a menace? Necessity knows no law. Men have strange thoughts when want pinches the faces of their wives and children. Here are two instances which lately came under my observation:—

A woman whose husband was out of work went to the grocery where she usually dealt and asked for a sack of flour (fifty pounds) on credit. The grocer refused. She asked if she had not always paid her bills promptly, and he replied that she had, but he really could not give credit. Thereupon she picked up a sack of flour and walked out of the store with it. The grocer called to her to bring it back, but she replied that her family were hungry, and, to his credit be it said, he allowed her to go on her way with the much-needed food.

In the other case a man went to a grocer and also asked for flour on credit. He was refused for the same reason, whereupon he seized a sack of flour and ran home with it.

The grocer summoned a policeman and sent him to the man's house. In a short time the officer returned and placed the money for the flour on the counter.

"Did he pay you?" asked the grocer.

"No," was the reply, "but when I got there I found that his wife had hastily made some bread and was putting it into the oven, while the hungry children were snatching the raw dough from the pan and eating it. Both the man and his wife were weeping. And," added the officer, "I thought I would do better to pay for the flour myself."

These two instances came under my notice in the regular course of newspaper work, and it would be easy to give others, equally significant, of the straits to which poverty is driving honest men and women. Shall we say that the mother in the one case or the father in the other did wrong? I yield to no one in respect for law, but when children cry for bread the first law of nature will assert itself, and to the credit of the race be it said that not self-preservation, but the preservation of the little lives which owe their being to us, is the first law with most of us.

No one who takes note of what is going on in the country to-day can have failed to observe that there is an increasing element which is disposed to question the validity of existing social relations. So long as this element was made up of men who would not work, the strong arm of the law might well be invoked to suppress them. But it is being reinforced by men who are willing to work and can get nothing to do, and it has an immense amount of sympathy from the army of employed workmen. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the Homestead affair, to the railway strike in New York last year, and to the *Cœur d'Alene* strikes, to prove that the assertion just made might be stated in far stronger terms than I have used.

It may be well to indicate one of the causes which have contributed to bring about this unfortunate condition of affairs, because it is one which has done much to alter the general character of the people of this country. A quarter of a century ago the nation adopted the policy of protection. I do not propose to discuss the merits of that policy, but simply to indicate an effect which it has had. Those who recall the *ante-bellum* days will remember that the invitation which this country sent out to the world was that it would

give farms to all who would take them. Since the adoption of protection the invitation has been changed, and we have been advertising to the world that this is a country of high wages. The result has been that young men and young women have crowded into the cities and towns to work for wages, instead of remaining on the land and becoming self-sustaining. In addition, hundreds of thousands of foreign laborers have entered the country to seek an opportunity to earn these high wages of which we have boasted so much. The result is told by the census, which shows a steady appreciation of the urban population at the expense of the rural population. These workers for wages in the towns and cities have married and reared families, and their children are now rapidly coming to the age when they want to enjoy the new American birthright—the right to work for wages. The people have been “divorced from the land,” not so much because land has grown so much more difficult to obtain, but because they have been wrongfully persuaded that there is greater ease and freedom from care in city life as wage-earners than as toilers on a farm, and because millions are growing up who know nothing of farm work and would be unable, if they were willing, to sustain themselves by it.

But whatever may be the reason for the existence of the army of the unemployed, the fact that it does exist is only too painfully apparent, and to seek to find labor for willing hands, and to bring more of the people into a position of individual independence by making them tillers of the soil for themselves, is, I venture to suggest, as high an ambition for statesmanship to aim at as the achievement of a signal diplomatic triumph. We have, as a nation, stood shoulder to shoulder behind the administration in its effort to protect American seals. Shall we be less united in an effort to protect American men, women, and children? Is not the time ripe for the exercise of the highest statesmanship? Is not the hour at hand when the energy, industry, and enterprise of the nation should be afforded a new arena?

My suggestion is that we must return to more natural conditions. I do not say that the return should be sudden. Doubtless it would be better that it should be gradual, but the dominant features of the new policy should be:—

1. The opening of new markets for the produce of our

factories, so that employment may be found for the capital invested in them and for their full complement of employees.

2. A return to the old idea that this ought to be, not a country of wage-earners, but one of independent producers.

To bring about these conditions, the law-making power and the wealth of the country must coöperate. Neither can reach them alone.

As we are unable to expand the country territorially, the first condition implies that we shall endeavor to provide a substitute for territorial expansion. I find by reference to statistics that in the year ending June 30, 1892, we exported in round numbers \$200,000,000 worth more of merchandise than we imported. This gave the country this large sum to draw against to defray its obligations maturing abroad. Yet in order to settle our debtor balances abroad, we had to remit in bullion over and above our imports of bullion \$39,000,000 in that year, and in the year ending June 30, last, \$87,500,000. We exported in the year ending June 30, 1892, an abnormally large amount of agricultural produce. Bradstreet's puts the excess over the average export at \$179,000,000. Let me emphasize this point, that although in that year we exported over \$179,000,000 in excess of our usual export of agricultural produce, and \$39,000,000 in bullion in excess of our bullion import, our account abroad stood in such a way that in the next succeeding twelvemonth we had to part with \$87,500,000 of bullion in excess of our import, besides a surplus of merchandise over our imports. It seems from this that if it had not been for this abnormal export of produce in 1892, many millions more in bullion would have been shipped abroad to make our accounts balance.

If, instead of abnormally large exports of produce, our shipments begin to fall below the average, is it not evident that the country will be confronted with a very serious condition of things? To contemplate not the possibility but the certainty of such a condition arising in the near future, and to devise a line of policy whereby we may be prepared to meet it, is, I submit, the subject which demands attention from our legislators more urgently than any other that can be suggested. We have no guarantee that the drafts of our foreign creditors will decrease. We have no reason to believe that foreigners will increase the amount of their

annual investments in this country for some time to come at least, and if they do we will only be discharging a floating indebtedness by creating a new permanent debt, which would add to our annual charges to be met abroad.

One who is about to suggest a new line of policy ought to do so with reserve, and it is with no little hesitation that I venture, upon this branch of the subject, to propose that the president shall invite all the nations of the American continent to a conference at which shall be discussed :—

1. The adoption of bimetallism by all the nations of America, by a joint agreement fixing a ratio between silver and gold; by making the silver and gold coins of all the members of the union legal tender to any amount anywhere within the union; by placing an import duty on all silver imported into the union from any country not included in it, and an export duty on all silver bullion exported to countries not included in the union. Such a union, embracing all the silver-producing countries of the world, would be able to regulate the price of silver as compared with gold, and as the old world must have American silver, it would take it in coin at coin value—that is, at the ratio established by the union.

2. International free trade between the several countries of the union in all natural and manufactured products.

I suggest that by the adoption of this line of policy, the industrial development of the American continent would be given a new impetus; that this country would find itself in a position to control a large part of the trade of Asia, and would be able not only to pay the interest on our annual charges maturing abroad, partly in silver and partly in merchandise received in exchange for its manufactured products, but in time to redeem the principal of them, not indeed by paying it, but by purchasing and holding the securities ourselves.

How best to stimulate a return of the wage-earning class to the position of land owners and independent producers, is a problem which requires separate treatment. I believe, however, that in the utilization of our vast irrigable area its solution will be found. Irrigated land can be most profitably used when divided into small holdings, cultivated thoroughly. Thus utilized, it will prove a source of almost incalculable wealth.

THE DIVORCE OF MAN FROM NATURE.

BY ANNA R. WEEKS.

"A flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

MAN's love of nature, their divorce, and the wickedness of a social scheme which causes this, have haunted me all through a long summer and autumn. Until I speak my mind the ghost cannot rest.

If theories of evolution are true, if the new belief of life in all things be true, then is man, as to earth, "bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh." That wonderful allegory in Genesis once more flashes a response to science and the inner light when it says, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." And it is that which is dear to man, whenever he has been allowed to come in contact with it in its pristine state.

There is no time of year in which one may get away from the city that this love of nature does not assert itself.

Go out in January and see how the heart thrills at the purity of the snow, unsoiled by city grime; how the eye feasts upon the grace and tints of the bare tree branches, and on the tasseled pines beplumed with snow; what velvet in the mosses, what peace under the stars.

Watch the leaves come out in May; call to the answering chipmunk, hide to watch the birds at their love making and nest building.

Each little form celestial seems,
Untouched, unspoiled, a harp with wings;
Each little sprite a message brings,
A glimpse of heaven while he sings.

The flashing gulls above like silver stars on wing, the snow of the rabbit's breast, the flirt of the squirrel's plume, the rain on the cottage roof, the rustle of the wren, the warm breath of the pines, the rattle of the nuts on the crisp brown leaves, the chatter of departing blackbirds;—what are all these but messages of brotherhood from the humbler of God's creation to the higher?

Go to the Great Lake beaches in midsummer and autumn; press joyful feet upon them, breathe full and free in unison with the jubilant waves; read ancient stories in the stones they toss you. But ever between all this and you comes the face of the proletariat; it dims the sunrise, it gazes from the incandescent sumach, from the soft glory of the maple. When lingering cottagers sat on the grassy bluff that September Sabbath eve, when the moon rose from the lake, when they sang soft evensongs to her, where were the toilers? *Not there.* Have they, then, no ear for these lofty tidings from nature? Alas! only those at the court may receive the envoy. Man is in the great city, struggling with his brother. What to him can all this beauty bring? Can a fighting man stop to enjoy the sunrise? To him it means only another heroic day; it is but his battle reveille.

The child who should be like the squirrel peers through the grime of the factory window to envy the sparrow. Even the field mice are happier than the poor babes in Chicago; they gather their seeds and berries, they lack not for acorns and nuts, they sip the dew from the fallen leaf. The very cows are better cared for than is the poverty-stricken mother in Babylon. While the summer was in its glow it came to her only as a fierce fiend of fire on the attic roof; it made a place of death of her miserable alley rooms when the steam of her washing stifled her. Or mayhap she sat with her babe on her lap to watch it die, while her faith in man — and so in God — went slowly out.

Some spirits are blind and some are heartless; either of these will dismiss the complaint with the *ipse dixit*, "But the poor flock incessantly to the cities." Aye, they do. Is it not better to starve with one's fellows than alone? But thoughtful and gentle hearts will continue to ask, "Whence come these wrongs?"

The competitive system is responsible. The man of the peasant class or middle class is compelled by misfortune to mortgage his little farm, and never is able to get ahead enough to redeem it; at last the mortgage is foreclosed, and his means of production gone. Or his place was paid for, and he does not mortgage, but the ground becomes a mill-stone round his neck; the crops fail, or he can get no market, or the usurpers of the public highway exact such freight tribute as leaves him to famish. At the same time

the chicane of the "village promoter" puts a fictitious value on his land; the tax becomes excessive and yet he cannot sell. Then he "strikes for his altars and his fires" by a desperate flight to the city. Surely there is much work where there are so many to be served.

But there is another force which makes exiles of the farmer class; that is, the barrenness of their lives as regards music, literature, the drama, pictorial art, and society. All love these things more or less, in the degree that they are aware of their existence; but to pursue them in the country costs much, and is only possible to a limited degree, as country life now is. In the city the young man or woman who has these tastes can find libraries and night schools, and he supposes that he will also find choice society. He has heard of the charms of that great centre; he dreams of the parks, the boulevards, the theatres, palaces, schools, picture galleries; neighbors all about one, instead of half a mile away. He has seen but the hard side of nature and is as yet somewhat unconscious of her beauty, or, associating it with his Dead Sea life, he really hates it. The gregarious instinct masters him, and the "earth longing" is for the moment eclipsed. He, too, embarks in the municipal whirlpool.

Here, then, are the two classes of men and women who are so rapidly shifting from prairie and village to the city, and it is poverty which drives them both; in one bodily hunger, and in the other soul hunger. But they soon discover that one cannot enjoy even the public parks, the drives, the schools, unless he has at least a little money; even a car fare is frequently more than they dare to take from the rent coming due; it takes time to go to those distant fairy fields — they do not live in a quarter near them. Only the prosperous can do that. To the children of these families the schools are naught, for the child, too, must toil in Vanity Fair.

And society? One place opens its doors — aye, two; the saloon and the house of hell. These are always filled with light, music, games, and gayety. Neighbors? He finds that in cities people seldom have neighbors, unless on those magnificent streets where wealth allows one to live a lifetime. His dearest may die, and those on the other side of the wall may not know it until they see the hearse. He seems not to understand that, while every man is at war

with his brother, Ishmael cannot guard his munitions too carefully. And so in the urban maelstrom he is more pitifully alone than on the bitter barrens of the Dakotas. He sees at last that he is driven not only from agrarian life, but even from human relations. Thus does the two-edged flaming sword of industrial war bar the gate of his Eden, from whence he becomes doubly exiled.

Is man, then, to be permanently separated from the earth? Not only has he left the pasture and wood, but in the towns his shelter lifts higher and higher, nearer the stars, but surely not nearer heaven. He helplessly talks of roof gardens, he accepts for his little ones the pitiful dole of the Fresh Air Fund.

"The Fresh Air Fund"! Can the successful class imagine what that means? Had we not once a phrase, "as free as air"? It is obsolete. Few commodities now cost as much as air. The monster office buildings increase in number and in grotesque want of symmetry. They shut out the air and light of day from adjoining houses and from the street. Men work constantly by artificial light till they

Scarce can hold it true

That in distant lanes the lilies blossom under skies of blue.

The herding goes on. The crowds in the street congest travel until local transportation seems a Sphinx riddle. Citizens' committees are appointed to consider it; every solution but the right one is tried, and proved ineffectual or palliative only. And yet in all that throng there is scarcely a man who does not dream of a little home under the skies, with trees and vines and birds! Should the masses at last conclude that this dream is but a phantasm, then may our *quasi* civilization beware. But let us hope that ere the giant awakes he will be restored to that which he loves, the society of nature.

There is but one way to do this with absolute success, and that is, the great city of to-day must go. This is to be brought to pass by a socialistic order which shall conduct its manufactures, its schools, its society, on such a basis as will for a time convert centripetal forces into centrifugal; an order which shall set the stream of life flowing back again in its natural channel, and make it possible for men to live without this dragnet huddling. The modern metropolis is an enormity, and must be decentralized; as there should

be no vast wastes untrodden by man, neither should there be any wilderness of masonry where myriads of prisoners stay out their weary years. Says August Bebel:—

No one can regard the development of our large towns as a healthy product. The present economic and industrial system is constantly attracting great masses of the population hither. . . . All round the towns and immediately adjoining them, the villages are also assuming the character of towns, and an enormous mass of proletariat is collecting within them. Meanwhile the villages increase in the direction of the town and the town in the direction of the villages, until at length they fall into the town, like planets that have come too near the sun. But their mutual conditions of existence are not improved thereby. On the contrary these aggregations of masses, these centres of revolution, as one might call them, were a necessity during the present phase of development; when the new community is constituted, their object will have been fulfilled. Their gradual dissolution becomes inevitable.

To those who have never thought that the capitals of the competitive age could vanish, the suggestion of such a thing may seem as a foolish dream. Certainly none of us shall see it in the flesh, but there are conditions foreshadowed which, if considered, will lend to this conception an air of feasibility.

Cumulative modern invention and cumulative psychic light are intensely unifying the race. To be in and of the world it will not always be necessary that we shall be piled above one another in brick and mortar, or that we shall every day behold the tangible faces of the crowd. Electricity, aluminum, and the thought force promise to serve us far more in the future than as yet.

The Adam and Eve of the new Eden will have a home for life, with its plot of ground or its share in the common park about the dwellings. Factories will be, not in a few congested, barren spots, but wherever the raw material is produced. Improved roads, the bicycle, the telegraph, the telephone, the ocean cable, pneumatic tubes, air ships, electric cars, and telepathy will keep us near one another and near our needs. Immense concourses of people can in an hour unite in great auditoriums scattered here and there, but they need not gather thus for daily work. Each public building will be not a tower but a palace; its harmony will be restored, and the space about it will allow its proportions to be understood at a glance. Its inner beauty, too, will be

increased by the freedom with which shall enter light, air, and odors of flowers.

The prophet of humanity still insists that there shall be a New Jerusalem, but it will have neither walls nor gates; its streets shall be not of gold but of grass; flowing through it no stream of filth, death laden, but "the river of the water of life, clear as crystal." On its banks are the trees of life and their "leaves are for the healing of the nations." The coming age shall be a perpetual feast of tabernacles without the sacrifice of helpless beasts, "and all the congregation of them that are come again out of captivity" shall "make booths and sit under the booths." Behold, the tabernacle of Good is with men, and she will dwell with them. "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

THE WORLD-MENDER.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

A man who loves God with that holy zeal
Which works for human weal;
A man who knows himself God's instrument
For faithful and eternal service meant,
And feels in all good wrought,
The moving fire and pulse of his own thought.

He sees the glory shining from afar —
A Bethlehem star,
Toward which he presses with unfaltering feet,
Heedless of lions roaring in the street,
And men that, scornful, shout,
“ Fool, fool, thy jack-o'-lantern goeth out ! ”

Unshaken ever he pursues his light,
By faith more sure than sight,
Believing, while he walks the dusty way —
Himself a herald of the promised day —
That Truth at last shall reign,
Triumphant, though her advocates lie slain.

NATURAL MONOPOLIES AND THE STATE.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

IN accordance with the theory of evolution, the gradual development of one species out of another becomes possible only by way of a gradual development of the organic systems of each progressing generation. The more highly developed or the more complex the arterial, nervous, muscular, or respiratory organism of a being, the higher will it stand in rank among its fellow creatures. From the mollusk to the fish, from the fish to the reptile, from the reptile to the insect or the bird, until the *genus homo* is reached, we may follow a gradual development, and the increasing complexity of organisms in general and of the arterial and nervous systems in particular. This is a fact which biology and natural history have so well illustrated that it requires no further explanation.

If it be true that the whole universe is a unit in which each part serves to hold the other in position; that mankind is not a conglomeration of individuals but a body to which the individual compares as does the cell to the tree or the zoöphyte to the coral-stock; if, finally, that human society does not form an exception, but has developed in accordance with the laws of evolution from an original germ to what we find it now to be,—that march of progress must be traceable also by the appropriate and simultaneous development of the internal organs that make the manifestation of a higher life possible.

The more rudimentary were the facilities with which each cell, each zoöphyte, could come in contact or communicate with its neighbor, the less did the whole organism manifest its full vitality. With the unfoldment of means that drew the atoms together, brought them into touch with one another, and permitted an interchange of forces, human society naturally assumed a position which is best known by the name of civilization. Or in other words, the more mankind evolved

out of itself a network of roads which made possible the ready intercourse of the most distant nations, or the better people succeeded in spreading thought all over the earth by improved methods of transference, the higher rose the standard of culture. Man was a barbarian at the time when it was difficult for him to travel a hundred miles or to exchange the products of his labor with people who lived at a distance, but he rose to a higher civilization with every new invention that facilitated his intercourse with his fellow-beings. In a word, he grew more intelligent, more prosperous, better even in a moral sense, in the same ratio in which means of intercommunication, of transportation, thought transference, etc., increased, and the more complex became the system that intertwines human intelligences and activities.

Mankind of today, with its network of railroads that spreads over almost all the habitable parts of the globe; with its facilities to transform night into day, and to secure warmth even in mid-winter; with its elaborate banking system, by means of which payments can be made thousands of miles away without the need of transporting the medium of exchange—money—to and fro; with its methods of manufacture improved by division of labor,—compares with mankind as it existed even a few hundred years ago, as does the organism of a higher species with that of the lowest grade.

As every cell of an organism is served by the arterial, nervous, and respiratory systems that touch it, and as this dependency increases with the increased development of these life-bringing organs, thus are railroad systems, telegraphs, telephones, and the rest of our modern improvements an absolute necessity to the well-being of every individual who helps to form society. Every stagnation in its circulation, every defect in its management, is felt at once by the humblest citizen, precisely as interrupted circulation of blood or a defect in the nervous system or an impediment in respiration, affects at once every cell in the human body. These things have become part and parcel of society, precisely as nerves, arteries, and lungs are part and parcel of the human body, and as these latter organs cannot be separated from the body without causing its death, or at least producing unhealthy conditions, so the former institutions cannot be separated from the social body without at once disturbing its prosperity.

Moreover, as the whole human body evolved and now manipulates these life-giving organs, so it is most natural that a nation, which has evolved these means of intercourse, ought to own and govern them. It would be absurd even to imagine a human organism in which bones, muscles, digestive organs, and others would be governed by one power, and nerves, arteries, senses, by some other, especially if each of these forces endeavored to exist at the expense of the others. It is equally absurd to consider railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and similar institutions as not belonging to the social body, but instead as being the rightful property of private corporations.

Society, as it has developed so far, needs for its life and prosperity a great many things, which it creates through its labor out of the manifold resources which nature has placed at its disposal. Some of these necessities can be produced, and, therefore, ever have been produced by individual efforts or by the efforts of a combination of people. Others, on the other hand, are of so widespread utility, and affect individual well-being to so great an extent, that the interests of all are best served when society herself, as represented by the nation and its government, undertakes the work of supplying the demand.

There are, therefore, monopolies and monopolies. A combination of many for one effort is a monopoly; but there are many efforts which in their results will reach only a number of people, and others which in their results will reach *all* people. The first class might be called artificial monopolies, while the other class should be termed natural monopolies. It remains at the option of the individual whether to indulge in luxuries, and if he chooses he may create and exchange them for such as are made by others; but whenever even a luxury has become a necessity, without which life would be miserable, such efforts fall into the realm of natural monopolies. The protection of life, limb, and property against hostile forces from within or without, is one of these common needs, and hence the nation, through its government, has always handled the army and the police force. Education was found to be necessary for the well-being of every member of society, and thus the community undertook to teach the young. Transference of thought by letter turned out to be more than a luxury. It affected, by its

results, the humblest member of society; it became, therefore, a natural monopoly, to be managed by the government.

More and more have people in our day come to see that the arterial and nervous systems of society—that is, its railroads, telegraphs, telephones and various kindred institutions—are natural monopolies; that though they may have been luxuries in the beginning of their career, they have grown to be necessities now; that the welfare of every individual depends upon their efficient management, and the question is under serious discussion: Should not these natural monopolies be given over to the management of the state—should they not be nationalized? If heretofore, the governments of the nation, of the state, and of the cities, have been successful in managing some such natural monopolies, as the protection of life and property or the mail service or public instruction, or the water supply, yea, even improvements of harbors and rivers, why could they not be as well intrusted with the management of similar natural monopolies? Why should they not transport parcels and persons as effectively as they do letters? Why should cities not be able to supply their citizens with light and heat, which are necessities to every one, as they supply them with water or endeavor to purify the air by means of sanitary regulations?

I have been asked by the editor of *THE ARENA* to discuss this burning question of the day in a series of short articles. I will, therefore, treat in consecutive order, the nationalization of what may be termed natural monopolies, those great monopolies which hold the same relation to the social body as the arterial, nervous, and respiratory systems hold to the human organism. I will endeavor to explain why and how the public would be materially benefited by the nationalization of railroads, of telegraphs and telephones, of land, and—last but not least—of insurance.

The readers of *THE ARENA* may weigh my arguments against possible counter arguments, and I have full faith in the intelligence of their judgment.

ACCELERANT.

BY JAMES H. WEST

For evil or for good we live each day;
Accelerant the good or ill speeds on.
Brothers and sisters! ere earth's hours be gone
What will ye answer while the nations pray?

His high dream was some gift to Coming Time.
But he was powerless — what great deed could he!
Modest in name and mien, his brain was free
And his heart willing. Was there aught sublime?

Temptation came to him. He did not lack
The taint of blood from old heredity
Urging him — spelling him. Yet valiantly
On the alluring ill he turned his back.

Later came one he loved, and they were wed.
His children had far less the taint abhorred,
While brain and will were trebly in them scored.
They led the world on after he was dead.

Unto himself alone no man may live.
Accelerant his strength or weakness grows,
In blessing or in curse, where'er it flows.
To coming ages what wilt Thou, friend, give?

THE VOICE AS AN INDEX TO THE SOUL.

BY JAMES R. COCKE, M. D.

THE least agreeable part of writing this study is the necessary allusion to myself, which I will make as brief as possible before passing to a discussion of the subject in hand.

Let me tell you, O readers of *THE ARENA*, my reason for writing this paper is that I have always lived in a world of sound and touch, and not a world of light, as men ordinarily see it. A physician's mistake cost me my sight in early infancy, so that all the memories which I have in that storehouse we call consciousness, are distinctly memories of sound. All the loves of my early life were for the voices of those whom I knew. All my childish aversions were caused by harsh, unpleasant tones; and the earliest recollections I have of nature came to me through her myriad voices. The birds spoke to me from the tree-tops; the cricket chirped to me at night, and they were, during the earliest part of my life, only creatures of sound to me. When I first, by the sense of touch, acquired a knowledge of the forms of these things, it was exceedingly difficult to associate them with the sounds they made. The earliest recollection I have of a horse, is not of his arching neck and exquisite form, but simply his neigh and the clatter of his hoofs.

As I sat beneath an old tree when a very small child, I used to wonder where the breezes came from, that caressed my cheeks; and as they rustled the leaves of the grand old tree, it seemed as though they were whispering and trying to reveal to me that world which was around me, but of which my restless spirit could not conceive. And as the warm rays of the sun fell upon me, I would fancy they were beckoning me onward somewhere into a strange land, of which I seemed to dream, but could get nothing definite.

My earliest memories of sound are tender memories. I remember well the voice of a nurse who had the early care of me; and those around me noticed that I had the same childish aversions and the same childish trust, as did those children who were fortunate in having their sight. I began early to analyze my reasons for liking and disliking people, and found it was not from what they said or did to me, but that it was a quality inherent in their voices which affected me. I distinctly recall the voice of one

whom I met when I was five years of age, for whom I took an intense dislike without apparent reason. Let me describe this voice, as it will illustrate a type of which I shall have occasion to speak later on. Musically speaking, it was a sweet voice (a contralto). It was a warm, passionate, liquid voice, that told of a deep emotional nature; and yet when that voice spoke to my soul, there was something in it false and treacherous—something that told me, more plainly than words, that its owner's life had no place beside mine. I remember asking permission, one day, to feel of her face; and the warm, rich life-glow upon it, the exquisitely delicate texture of the skin, the beautifully moulded features (for I could tell by my touch that she was beautiful) gave me a most singular impression. I fancied that my ears had told me a lie, and as I had received a strict religious bringing-up, I wondered if God would be angry with my ears for lying to me; I kissed her and said I never knew how beautiful she was until my hands told me. But, alas! it was the touch and not the ears that lied to me.

Again, after listening to the voices of the negroes (for I lived in the South), I was surprised to find on touching their faces that their voices were wholly out of keeping with what I felt—for their voices were usually pleasant to me, and the feeling of their skin was horribly repulsive. I made friends with the lower order of the animal kingdom by their voices; certain chickens, which were pets of mine, I knew well in this way, and when I passed my hands over their silky feathers, touch and sound seemed to be in sweet accord in the stories they told of these beautiful creatures.

I early discovered the difference between the voices of the educated and the illiterate. I recall the voice of an old minister, for whom I at once conceived a great affection, on hearing him preach; and although but six years of age, asked permission, when his sermon was finished, to be allowed to speak to him. Let me describe the impression it made upon me. The voice, as I remember it now, was a bass-baritone, mellowed by age, but every tone of it was replete with tenderness, warmth, and the deepest love; there was in it, also, an element of sternness, which put me a little in awe of him. I was allowed to touch his face, and the deep lines which old Father Time had made in his forehead seemed strangely out of keeping with that tender voice; but his noble features, his high forehead, his silky, curly locks, told me that my touch and my ears were indeed telling me truly this time, and that my friend was one of nature's noblemen.

Again, I remember the voice of a lawyer; this, too, was a baritone, brim full of merriment, fun and good humor. With pain do I remember that, as I grew older, and read this voice better, I heard in it something earthly, sensual, not to say

devilish; and yet, speaking to me so plainly, it seemed, many times, to reveal more good than was borne out by my subsequent experiences. This man's voice illustrates a type. I have learned that voices similar to, if not just like that of this lawyer, are possessed by men who embody in a marked degree both the emotional and the sensual. They are always kindly and full of color—if I may be permitted the figure of speech; they are seductive voices. Their possessors have usually dark complexions, with features handsome, but somewhat heavy, particularly the lips and nose. This voice is capable of the most subtle modulations; and in certain moods, it may become perfectly dull, monotonous, and passionless. This question of mood affects voices very materially; and yet persons with pronounced moral traits will invariably show them in their voices, no matter what the state of mind may be. But to return to the type of which I was speaking, I can recall from my memory's sound-gallery, some fifty voices similar to that of the lawyer. Professionally or otherwise, I have known the lives of these men pretty well, and while the characters of a few of them were out of keeping with their voices, the great majority were emotional, false in a measure, kindly in impulse, passionate in the extreme, and intellectually above the average of their fellows.

As I shall have occasion to speak of many of the human emotions as represented in the voice, I will call upon my memory to make a composite tone-picture on my mind, of all the types of voices I have ever heard, and if I can make this conception clear, I can perhaps give a better idea of what I am trying to express. As I sit and recall in fancy the voices of the thousands whom I have known in one way or another, they come to me like the notes of a mighty symphony, and awaken not only every varying shade of emotion, but appeal to my faculties of intellection as well. I can reproduce in my own mind, not only the memory of the quality, the *timbre*, aye, even the individuality of each voice I ever knew, but I can arrange them into distinct classes, and assign to each its definite place.

Of course, training, age, health, or disease of the vocal organs, alter alike all voices. In general, those of children show less of their real character than do the voices of adults. The voices of women are, as a rule, more difficult to read, because they are naturally sweeter than those of men. Those of the Northern races have less warmth and passion in them and are sterner than those of Southern races. I shall have occasion to speak of a great many qualities of voice which are exceedingly difficult to account for; as I believe the voice to be a better index to the soul than is the face, and as the moods of the soul are more variable than the fancies of the poet, it follows that if the voice

is to be its moral spokesman, it must be capable of infinite expression.

There are national, as well as sectional voice-characteristics. A few examples will suffice. The Scottish voice is whining, sad, and at the same time, stern. The predominating qualities in the Irish tones are warmth, great emotional intensity, and, among the lower classes especially, one is painfully aware of a certain tone of fawning treachery, while among the better classes, the voices show great strength of purpose, coupled with a warm kindliness, and a musical tone of refinement which I have never observed in any other nationality.

The voices of the people of England vary much in different sections of the country. Not taking into account the peculiarities in pronunciation of the cockney, his voice is usually flat and expressionless; while the peculiar harsh, brazen note of the Lancashire man has in it absolutely no expression of anything but vulgarity. There are three prominent types of voice among cultivated Englishmen—the exceedingly courteous, but cold, quiet one, of which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is typical; the kindly but egotistical voice, usually found among the better class of merchants and business men; and the cold, affected, self-assertive tone, of which Oscar Wilde is a representative.

The voices of the French people impress one first with their strength and loudness. This is particularly true of the women, whose tones seem to lack in softness and beauty and in womanly tenderness, more than any of the nations around them. The voice of a cultivated French gentleman, speaking his own language, while it is impetuous and passionate, is courteous, warm, and kindly beyond description.

The voices of the Spanish men belie much the character of the people; unless they are in action, they are mostly cold and passionless, but when in angry discussion, ill-bred and harsh; and they lack at all times the courteous tone of the French. The speaking voice of the Spanish maidens is exquisitely beautiful; that of the older women has in it the predominating element of pride. The national voice of Italy is at once musical, pleading, pathetic, and childlike; of course, like that of all southern nations, it is passionate.

The voices of the German people, although harsh, are usually kindly; and a careful study of over a hundred German ones, shows a less complex emotional life than is found among their brethren of adjoining nations. With the German aristocrat, towards his inferiors, the voice is arrogant in the extreme; towards his equals or superiors, courteous, deferential, and refined. The voices of the German maidens are generally simple, kindly, and rather musical. One finds among the better

class of the Viennese, the most musical and, above all, the most cultivated voices of any of the nations of middle or northern Europe.

The Turks, and orientals generally, have high-pitched voices, so far as the musical key is concerned. They show also an intense emotional life, while approaching in courtesy the tones of the French. The voices of the Chinese, as a people, vary in musical pitch less than those of any other nation I have studied; one can get no idea of their real emotional lives from their voices. They, however, use more inflections and intonations than any other people on the globe. The men's voices are usually a low tenor, while the women speak in a mezzo-soprano key. The Japanese voice is exceedingly courteous, not very musical; that of the women is full of coquetry, and rather kindly.

Is there a typical American voice as well as accent? This question I have endeavored for a number of years to settle to my own satisfaction. Now let it be understood in what I am about to say, I do not refer simply to peculiarities of pronunciation, but to the quality of the voice, and to the characteristics of the people as revealed by it. In fancy, let us picture ourselves in Maine, and imagine that we can be transported, at will, by some impalpable agency — first from Maine to California; we will fancy that we only drink in the voices of those we meet along the way. Shut out from your minds, if you can, the ever beautiful and varying landscape, and only listen with me to the thousands of voices, and realize, not simply what they are saying, but what their souls are feeling.

Starting in Maine, we hear amid all the varying musical pitch of the many voices, certain dominant characteristics, which stand out clearly. As a rule, the voices, are somewhat harsh and nasal, energetic and full of bright, intellectual life, but rather devoid of tenderness and kindly feeling. This is not as true of the women as of the men; I have heard, indeed, a great many sweet voices among the girls and women from "Down East," as they express it. Of course, culture and refinement make the same difference here as elsewhere. Let us travel along to Boston, and we find, in its busy hum of thousands, many varieties.

One can scarcely say that the people of Boston have a typical method of speaking; the voices, however, are generally sharp and rather cold, and their habit of clipping their words heightens and intensifies this quality. I remember a peculiar impression made upon me, when I first came to this city. I had occasion to see a person by the name of Newhall, and when I was presented to Miss *Noohull* (as it was pronounced), I at once replied that this was not the person I wished to see; but matters were soon

set right for me. I will describe this voice, as it well illustrates that of the average Boston lady. It was a mezzo-soprano, clear, with a certain element of kindness; a little too self-assertive, but cultivated and full of strength of purpose. Of course every large city, with a cosmopolitan population, is not only cosmopolitan in art, literature, and music, but in the voices of its people as well.

Let us leave the "Hub" and go, in fancy, to "Gotham." Has the New Yorker a distinctly characteristic voice? Amid all the babble of different tongues, amid the rush and hurry and whirl, have circumstances of one kind and another so shaped themselves as to leave their imprint upon the voices of a large number of the population? Emphatically, yes. A very interesting type is that of the New York commercial traveller, especially if he be of Hebrew ancestry. His enunciation is rapid; his tones, when among his companions, are kindly, but the whole manner of the man, as expressed in speech, has a sort of snap to it, like a cold winter's day. In the hotel his voice to the waiters is usually arrogant, and bespeaks ill-breeding and plebeian origin. The New York business man of American parentage has a voice full of life; it is courteous, but every tone of it speaks plainer than the words he utters: "I am here for business; now, what can I do for you?" But besides this, if anything in the public administration of affairs displeases him, you know from the tone of his voice that he means to resist, and not to stand it. How different this is from the Boston people! How many times I have stood on the street corners, on cold, wild winter nights, waiting for the street car, which did not come, while around me stood men and women shivering from head to foot, who bore the inconvenience patiently, with scarcely a complaint; whereas in New York, under similar conditions, I have heard, not only murmurings of angry discontent, for much less cause, but a warm discussion of measures for remedying the nuisance. O patient Boston! How long will your citizens wait — and wait — and wait?

Pass with me now from New York, skipping Philadelphia, and we find ourselves in the great city of Chicago. Here again is a greater conglomeration of races and types of people; but standing out prominently in all the din and confusion, we hear the clear, sweet tones of the western girl; at once healthy, kindly, and, though not quite tender enough, as true as her own loyal heart; and when she asks one, at dinner, to have "more butter" — with an unmistakable accent of the *r* — one feels (at least I would if I were that one — and I have been), as though those rosy lips were made to kiss as well as to say pleasant things. Then, too, we have the unmusical but frank, kindly

voice of the farmer, as he tells us how many "fut" of lumber he wants to build his house with. The voices of the people of Illinois are rather more pleasant than those of Michigan, her sister state. The people of Indiana speak, as a rule, more like eastern people.

Let us now go to the sunny Pacific slope, and voices seem to speak to us, as though they had caught the spirit of the golden sunshine; when we listen to the daughters of California, we can fancy that some fair goddess had stolen the music from Orpheus, and instilled it into their voices. What kind, what pleasurable memories are brought back of the voice of one from California, who read to me in early life! This one had embodied in itself all the joyous freedom which the air of that sunny state gives, all the truth which her grand scenery teaches, and all the purity and modesty reflected in that glorious region of flowers.

We will go now across the country to the Lone Star State. We find the sons and daughters of Texas with a distinctly characteristic and unique type of voice. The men's voices impress one as a little brusque and harsh at first, but that soon wears off, and gives place to a feeling of hospitality; still there is ever present a want of perfect culture and refinement; one can hear, even in the tone, something that suggests the horse-pistol and knife. The voices of the Texan women are kindly, not particularly sweet or musical; and in and around Galveston those of the younger women are a little too languid in tone, this effect being heightened markedly by their rather peculiar pronunciation of the vowels *a* and *e*; it is impossible to represent these sounds upon paper.

Passing on to New Orleans, that sunny city of the South, we find great differences in the voices of her people, which characterize them distinctly from the other sections of this great country. Those of the men are languid, somewhat musical, and yet one can feel that a hidden fire of passion is concealed under this languid tone. There is a want of noble and high purpose; these are not the voices of men of whom saints and martyrs were made. The voices of the younger women are beautiful, kittenish, tender, as soft and sweet as the balmy breezes that fan their cheeks. Those of the older Southern women seem to break earlier than their age would warrant, when one considers that the climate and their habits of life ought to preserve them much longer than those of Northern races.

The accent and quality of voice vary much in different sections of the South. The voices of the Georgians seem to me to express at once the most hospitality, manliness, and straightforward purpose of any of the Southern types. In the northern

belt of the South, including East Tennessee, western North Carolina, West Virginia, and a portion of Kentucky and Alabama, they vary more, according to the degree of cultivation, than in any other section of our country. The tones of the mountaineers of this district express, in a marked degree, their well-known characteristics. They are at once ignorant, passionate, strong of purpose, and, in some unaccountable way, they impress one as exceedingly conservative. This may be due partly to the association of ideas. The voices of the F. F. V's are somewhat too haughty, but hospitable and kindly to their equals. Those of the women, particularly, are refined and full of high moral principle.

Having considered the national and sectional characteristics, we will now listen to voices in disease.

THE VOICES OF THE INSANE.

Tell us, O Science! what is that demon so foul, which defaces and debases God's image, the soul, and renders that beautiful house, the intellect, a dungeon dark, where ghastly spectres hold high carnival, feeding upon man's wits, his reason, and his love? Alas! our answer too often comes back only as an echo. I have, in my post-graduate courses, studied the voices of some hundreds of insane people, in the hospitals, and I would that I could convey to you in language, the piteous, moaning, wild, discordant effect they produced. The tones of patients suffering with melancholia contain the sound of all the misery that one can imagine. Their tone-color is dark, and the sound as sad and as fervent as the wild wind blowing on a winter night through a deserted forest. The voices of those suffering with the disease known as dementia, seem to exemplify Darwin's law of *natural reversion*. Their aimless and meaningless chatter resembles much the noises made by the apes. In acute mania, they are feverish and wild in tone, showing at once that the baser part of the man is dominant.

The voice of the crank or paranoiac illustrates the fact that the soul finds expression in the tone as well as in the speech. I have now in mind, a man confined in an insane asylum, who, like many others of his class, believed he was the recipient of a special revelation from God. Having learned the nature of his delusion, I requested him to tell me all the good news of which he was the bearer. He began in a low, monotonous voice, resembling that of the Sioux Indian, when speaking quietly, but as he became enthused with his idea, the voice grew steadily more ringing and passionate, and his speech more incoherent every minute, showing in a wonderful manner the mental emptiness;

and only echoes of what had once been thoughts rang from and through the hollow channel of his soul.

The voices of those simply afflicted with delusional insanity are not, as a rule, unpleasant; they are self-assertive and sometimes have in them a tone of insincerity, coupled with unbounded egotism. One man told me very complacently, and was evidently much pleased with the idea, that the attendant shot him in the head three times every morning, with a revolver, before serving him his breakfast, — and then laughed as though he had told a good joke. While he was telling this prodigious lie, I placed my hands gently on his face, to see if, by touch, I could tell the expression. Poor, thin, wan, ashy-pale face! What a strange light illuminated that countenance! What an incomprehensible smile of self-approbation came from the vacant, reasonless soul within!

I studied the voices of several cases of paralytic dementia in the early stages; in this strange disease, the victims are at first deluded by visions of wealth, power, beauty, and grandeur. These are the patients upon whom the treacherous fairy acts with her magic wand, summoning illusions which give exquisite joy; then, striking her victims harder and harder with that fatal wand, she breaks down the mind, and makes of the reason a charnel-house, in which thoughts and ideas madly chase one another, while the helpless victim trembles and moans and chatters, singing a strange funeral knell to the death of that divine thing, the mind. I well remember a patient under my care, who, in a haughty, stentorian voice, informed me that he was the Heaven-sent successor of Maximilian, and the pleasure it gave him, when, humoring his delusion, I asked him to let me be his secretary of state. He wrote me a formidable document, abounding in legal phrases — for he was a scholar — constituting me his adopted son and successor. No words can describe the self-complacency, the satisfaction, the perfect happiness, that were in that voice. I believe Kant, the philosopher, said, "The world is to man but a projection of his inner consciousness." What an immense world this man's consciousness must have been in the early stages of his disease! But alas! the fatal magician had him, and one by one his golden dreams of beauty vanished, and gave place to a sleep, only broken by visions of the hideous monsters conjured from the vast depths of possible human misery, by his disordered brain.

THE VOICE IN TYPHOID AND OTHER DISEASES.

Picture now the clean wards of the hospitals, with their polished floors and painted walls, and the white-capped nurses as they go about their angelic ministrations. In one bed you will

see a man lying with a dark, flushed face, cracked, parched lips, and a peculiar heavy expression. Speak to him and try to arouse him; you will find that he will answer you very slowly, in a dreamy, low voice; or if he be a little more feverish, he will be muttering incoherently, showing the disordered, rambling condition of the mind. Imagine his temperature a little higher, and his nervous system more profoundly affected; he will be talking wildly; his voice will tell you that nature's machinery is going too fast, and, unless its speed can be checked, must soon carry its victim into death's dateless night.

Go with me into the children's ward; in one bed you see a little patient suffering with chorea (St. Vitus' Dance); the little one will be writhing and twisting and jumping. Speak and it will answer you in a frightened, peevish, irritable tone of voice. Listen to the whine of the little one in the next bed—a low, piteous, moaning sound, not a cry; the trained ear of the physician knows at once that the child is singing its own death-knell. Hear the peculiar, wild, shrieking cry of the next child; look at its drawn, convulsed features; place your hand upon the enlarged head, and find the open seams between the bones, and, if you be a physician, you will know that the dreadful disease, hydrocephalus, is taking the little victim away. Listen to the impatient, irritable cry of the next small patient—and, if you be a mother, and have felt your own heart yearn for your little one, your instincts will tell you better than any physician can, that the digestive apparatus is here at fault. Hear the brassy, croupy cough and hoarse voice of the next child, and without looking at its little, blue, anxious face, you will know that the terrible disease, membranous croup, is strangling the little one.

Go with me, now, into the wards where nervous diseases are treated. Look at the girl over in the corner—a blonde; listen to her as she speaks, or alternately laughs and cries, and you will know that hysteria, that dread disturber of psychic life, is hammering upon her nervous system, like an unskilled pianist, and evoking from her consciousness harsh, discordant notes. See, a little farther on, an old lady, seated in her reclining chair,—even the untrained eye would say “paralyzed.” Speak to her, and besides her difficult articulation, you will find the voice low, toneless, and monotonous.

THE VOICES OF CRIMINALS.

Let us now leave the sadness of the hospitals, and go to a yet darker place—the prison—wherein the offenders against society are kept. Let us talk to the men and listen to their voices, and ascertain, if we may, whether they reveal the darkness

of their souls. Among the more habitual and hardened criminals, you will find that the voice portrays, in its ever-varying mood, ever-changing tone, the want of moral stability in the man. What is the makeup of the average criminal? Is he some monster, which cruel nature has predestined before his birth to a life of crime and misery—or does he but differ from his fellows in degree only, and not in kind? This is the vital question of to-day, which the men of science must settle. I would that my experience with the voices of this class had been larger, but will give you the best that I have.

There is a type of voice characteristic of the kleptomaniac. It is low, not wholly unmusical, if its possessor be a man; if a woman, it has a peculiar, whining ring, impossible to describe. It is apt to be deceitful in quality, has a half sentimental, abused character, and strongly indicates a want of moral tone.

I have studied the voices of a number of professional burglars, and have endeavored by this means to determine their moral status. They are usually cunning, cowardly in quality—sometimes boastful. *I never heard one remorseful.* Occasionally they have a canting, whining, hypocritical tone, and the good that one hears is of an impulsive character. They are frequently emotional—sentimental, if you please. Sometimes, owing to their brutal mode of living and their long incarceration, they are dogged, stubborn, and cold. I have in mind the voice of a young man, who has been four times imprisoned for forgery. When one hears it first, it is sweet and kindly—a voice that would make a mother's heart rejoice; sweethearts would love to listen to it; it is versatile, and would stamp its possessor at once as a man of capacity; it has a mercurial tone, an ever-varying mood; and yet, in listening to it, one is conscious of a certain false ring, a something that causes one to shudder. As this man's physician, I stayed with him one night when he was suffering severe pain, and his resigned, patient manner, his liquid, low, sweet voice, his childish trust and obedience, would, if I had not known better, have made me think him a saint.

THE VOICES OF THE SISTERS OF VICE.

Speak, O ye annals of crime and sin! Call back from the beyond those who have seduced man and wrought his bodily and spiritual ruin! Repeat again, O ye sisterhood, your accursed song of sensualism! Let us read again in its merry but mocking, heartless music, the story of shame; and amid the chorus, so fearful, which has sounded for ages, there are certain notes that are clear, certain refrains that are unmistakable. The note is one of shamelessness, the refrain is in praise of Bacchus, and inordinate vanity is your principal

theme. Having had this study in mind for several years, I have talked with a number of persons of wide experience, and have studied, in and out of the hospitals, the voices of fallen women. Do they differ from their virtuous sisters? Do they show their depravity in the voice? Most certainly they do. I believe that I can tell the voice of a professionally bad woman under almost any circumstances. They are generally, musically speaking, pleasant, emotional, but unsympathetic; betraying an enormous amount of vanity and selfishness, and always showing an erratic, untrained mind. At the same time, I think these people have more ability to control their voices than any others I ever knew. I have in mind one woman who can throw into hers a rich, warm tenderness, a deep love and pathos, which is rarely heard; and yet she informed me with her own lips that she never felt genuine affection in her life, — but as her life was a living lie, this may have been also a part of the lie. These women frequently betray in their voices a sort of sympathy, and we all remember how kindly De Quincey speaks of "Ann." I would like to have studied her voice, and read in it, if I could, that which De Quincey discovered in her character.

You ask if I have heard this type of voice in women who are not bad. Yes, modifications of it. I have heard in the voices of many women, a rich, warm, amorous tone, which went too dangerously near the sensual. I have heard, too, from ladies who were noted flirts, without being "bad" (in the ordinary understanding of the term), and who had social position, money, and all that life had to give, tones which were far more deceptive, far more misleading, than were heard in those of the daughters of adultery. But in the voices of the women of vice, there is a certain want of restraint, a brazen boldness, which I, at least, have never heard in any other class of women. The difference is, however, in degree and not in kind, and the effect is intensified by the total want of refinement which is usually found among depraved women.

THE VOICES OF A FEW PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN.

Among the finest voices that America has ever produced, stands that of James G. Blaine. I heard it in 1876, when he was in full vigor — clear as a silver bell; rich in color as a golden summer sunset; ever and anon proud and imperious, and again, tender as a mother's while caressing her child; above all it was full of frank, hearty kindness. This could not, of course, be said in the later years of his life, as disease told sadly upon his voice.

Again, the voice of Edwin Booth, when in his prime, was perfect of its kind — broadly intellectual, deeply emotional, and

showing a constant struggle within his own soul; as strange, weird, and withal fascinating, when he read Hamlet, as were ever the strains of Chopin's music.

The voice of Sara Bernhardt was, to me, silvery, passionate, but not quite tender and sympathetic enough. The sweetest-voiced actress on the American stage at the present time is, in my judgment, Agnes Booth. Her voice suggests the incomparable Adelaide Neilson; it is so natural, so merry, so womanly, so true.

Among the voices of clergymen, stands out prominently that of Phillips Brooks. His exceedingly rapid enunciation prevented his full, rich voice from showing at its best; but one who studied its tones could read in it the deep religious fervor of the Heaven-sent messenger. The voice of Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, is earnest, clear, convincing, and strong. Rev. John Cuckson, who has recently come to our city, has a voice which bespeaks his character in an exceptional manner; it is that of a sensitive man, and is filled with kindness—a voice that would invite you in distress, and from which you would catch glowing, warm, sweet comfort.

The voice of that representative man, Robert G. Ingersoll, partakes of the western freedom; it is musical, full of the deepest pathos, and at the same time, strongly combative. It is honest, too.

A typical illustration of the voice of genial old age, is found in the great inventive genius, Dr. Gatling—the well-known inventor of the "Gatling gun." His is rich, clear, and has that wonderful mellow softness, which a ripe old age, with a healthy body, can alone impart. I had a conversation with him recently at the Hartford Club, and as he recounted a description of the development of his marvellous gun, and related his various interviews with the monarchs of the old world, his voice was warm and glowing; every tone was replete with Promethean fire, which age could not quell.

The voice of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, when speaking in public, is at once strong and full of purpose; it shows a broad culture, and, with all its strength and earnestness, is full of womanly tenderness.

I have shown that race, national and climatic influences, all leave their unmistakable imprint upon the voice. I have studied with a view to ascertaining what effect the passions and emotions have upon it; and I know that I can tell the voice of a villain wherever I meet him, also that of a sensual man; and again, a beautiful character is easily recognized in the sweet voice which is an index to the soul, as it rings forth from the life of the noble, the generous, the brave, and the true. I believe,

too, that the voice has more to do with the misleading of mankind than has the face. Nature shows her marvellous unity of purpose in the voices of her various creations.

Listen to the pleading, tender, earnest tones of the lover while wooing; even the roughest, harshest, coarsest, aye, even a brutal voice becomes mellowed. Hear the soft, gentle cooing of the mother, as she calls into life the intelligence of her infant; it seems as though she were pleading with the spirit of the child to leave the dreamy, eternal land of the past, and promising it a brighter home, newer and sweeter loves, in the land of the present.

Listen to the artfully modulated, carefully studied voice of the rascal in business, as he swindles and deceives his victim. In sharp contrast, hear the disappointed, whining one of an old man whose life has been stranded upon misfortune's rocky shore.

Listen, oh fellow-man, whenever you will, and you find the voice telling truly the real condition of the soul. Learn to discriminate between the good and the bad, the noble and the base, the intelligent and the illiterate, those in health and those in disease — and it will help you the better to know your fellow-men.

Study, too, the tones of your own voices, and you will find them the true indices of your own souls. You may thus understand how you affect your fellow-men, and by this study, may find your true place on life's vast stage.

THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

BY GERTRUDE SAVAGE.

A MAN, a brother-soul, may come and go in the midst of us, and we may deem him "commonplace." He probably *is* so. But what is the "commonplace"? With almost all human souls, it may be found to be an intense and living experience of the emotions. The man we meet in "common" places, and who has not in "common" with us the trifling details of outward seeming, may yet have in "common" the deep experiences of the spirit, the "common" throb of the heart which is in us all the "common" manifestation of the Divine.

In a certain part of the city of Boston there used to be seen regularly once a week, always on Saturday, a scissors-grinder,—his clumsy yet simple machine upon his back, his brightly-polished bell in his hand, hanging loosely and ringing as it would, responsive to his movement as he walked. To a casual observer, he was like any other scissors-grinder, more or less indifferent, waiting for custom to demand his services, rather than soliciting it even by a glance at the windows of the houses that he passed; not especially remarkable in any way. I had noticed him, now and again, ever since I had lived in that part of the town. He was an old man of about seventy years, always wearing a light, dull-brown corduroy suit like his fellow scissors-grinders, the Italians; but *he* was not an Italian. His face was distinctly German, in mould, in feature, in expression — there was no mistaking the German characteristics; and when, one day, I saw him approach a group of children, out at play on their school-holiday, and stop and watch their game with sympathetic interest, I thought to myself, "Yes, he *is* as German as he looks!"

The softening of his face-expression as he leaned against the fence and rested awhile, watching the children, kept my attention, and I stood at my window and watched, in my turn. Among the little ones—all children of about six and seven years—was one laddie with yellow hair and blue eyes, a round little face and a sturdy little figure; on this boy, the German kept his eyes, following him with his gaze in a look so intense that I thought a grown person, more nervously susceptible and less unconscious, would surely have been uneasy under it. But

the child played away at his game of tag and did not even see the old man. Pretty soon, tired of the play, the children became aware of the scissors-grinder and interested in his machine and his bell, which he held dangling in his hand. They raced up to him, and began plying him with questions, evidently, for he stooped down to them kindly, and even let the little yellow-haired boy take his bell.

I noticed that the man had changed radically. From being a listless, tired old scissors-grinder, going his round of would-be-business, he was now all interest and kindliness and eagerness. He unfastened the crude machine from his back, and sat down on a step of the house. When I went out at my door, a few minutes later, he was at work in the midst of the children. His old blue eyes were bright and eager, as are those of some old men who have lived on and with the sea. His face, thin and with sunken cheeks, although broad in its structure, was without beard but not smooth — rather rough and furrowed; his upper lip was a little sunken, but not enough to destroy the strength and firmness of the mouth-line, the expression of which was singularly sweet and tender as he smiled at the children's chatter. His white hair was cut straight and abrupt across the neck at the back, and he wore an old brown fur cap that made the hair look even more silvery. As I went along on my errand, I wondered what his life had been.

When I returned up the street, some half hour later, I met the old man, his bell ringing idly and in unison with his walk as he passed slowly along. His work was finished. I could see the children behind him, away up the street, again at their noisy play. All the light was gone from his face; his shoulders were bowed; his air was listless, even forlorn; his eyes were no longer clear, but as I passed him and looked into his face there was vacancy even in his gaze, and his mouth was drawn and most sad.

The next time I saw my scissors-grinder was some three weeks after this. Late one afternoon I received a note from my friend, Miss Faunce, matron of the city hospital, asking me to come over there as soon as I possibly could. I went immediately, for in such a place no delays are possible. Miss Faunce welcomed me eagerly and told me the case abruptly. An old man, a German, had been brought in three days before with both legs broken, and he was not to live. He seemed quiet and resigned now, but at first had been very wild and almost unmanageable. He talked in a low voice almost continuously and always in German; he seemed to know English, but the English words became fewer and fewer as he grew weaker, and all his speech and his thought now seemed to be German. Only one of the doctors understood German well, and the old man had taken a dislike to him; so she

had sent for me. As she told me these things, she went with me out across into the surgical wing of the hospital and up to ward N; there, about two thirds of the way down, on the right-hand side, lay my old scissors-grinder, the soft light from the setting sun streaming through the opposite windows over his bed. He opened his eyes — dull and dreamy — as we approached. Gradually the dreaminess drew away and his look wandered inquiringly to my face. Miss Faunce said: "This is the German lady that I told you would come to see you." Immediately a startling eagerness came into his eyes; rapidly, vehemently, he began questioning me in German — did I understand *all* the German, *his* German? These people could not understand him! He must tell some one about his little Anton before he had to die; for Anton, when he came, would never know where his poor old father was — that he was dead! He listened to me anxiously, and with an expression of tense relief in his face as he heard my familiar German speech, and smiled with a sort of impatient content as I moved away to get a chair for myself. I sat there by the old man's bedside, in the fading light of that October afternoon, and listened; and this is the story of his life: —

The man's name was Löbel Wohlfart. Until he was thirty years old, he had lived in the little village of Ostrau, near the Oder. He had married, when he was twenty-two years old, one of the country maidens, Sabine Jordan — a fair-haired, blue-eyed Dorothea-maiden, as good and true as she was sweet to look at, and on their little farm they had lived happily and worked hard; more happy yet, when the little son, Anton, had come to them, to make rich and bright the poor little home. They had worked together; they had rejoiced together; they had sorrowed together, when another little one had come, not to stay, but to go again, leaving an empty place in the two hearts which could only be filled by increased love for each other and for the one little son, Anton.

And then had come another sorrow which the man had to bear alone, for she who would have shared it with him was gone — it was the losing her that was the sorrow; and, after that, all the man's love and devotion were given to his and her little son. The two had stayed on at the desolate home; the father had struggled on alone for a time, without the help of the love and sympathy which had made the home, and the child had grown sensitive to the feeling of the father. Only the memory remained to guide and strengthen the man, and this was a great comfort; but against the memory of the past was the thought of the future. It all was too hard, there. So, when the little Anton was six years old, Löbel Wohlfart sold his farm, with its tiny house (the home, he kept in memory in his heart), and taking his

child started out for America to try anew to solve the problem of life. The little one should not be kept there, dearly though he loved the fatherland, to be taken into the army and away from him, for Anton was his all. Even for his country he could not spare him: it was not right.

They had taken passage for America in the fall of 1851, and had come into port at East Boston. The little Anton, in the confinement and bad air of the steerage, had been very sick. One of the women there had befriended him, and had promised Wohlfart to look after the boy when they landed, while he went to find the boxes containing the household goods he had brought over with him; for they were going right on, to the West, there to make a new home as like to the old one as possible, with the same simple furnishings and all. The man would be a farmer on the new soil, and would teach the boy all the simple, healthful knowledge of the life; for he had no love of the town. So when the great steamer poured forth its load of humanity from its every part on to the wharf, the man and little boy were among the first of the steerage passengers to land. All was noise, rush, confusion! Wohlfart knew some English, which he had been trying to learn preparatory to his new life and its work; but he could understand few of the volley of words that were being yelled and half-pronounced by this crowd of people. He stood there, helplessly, pushed and elbowed; now and again trying to ask information of some man whom he would grasp by the arm, and who would impatiently and heedlessly shake him off. The little Anton he held carefully in his arms, shielding him from the crush of people. He waited and waited, getting more and more bewildered and uncertain. Nowhere could he see the woman who had promised to look out for Anton. No one seemed to take the least interest in him; no one would answer him; and he was too confused to know what to do for himself.

Suddenly, from out the crowd, a man came towards him. Wohlfart thought he did not look as though he had been on board ship, but more as if he had come down to the steamer to meet some friend or simply to watch its coming in. This man was looking attentively and admiringly at the little Anton — who was a very beautiful child, having one of the ideal child-faces of Germany, as nearly like to those of angels as there are in all childhood. Wohlfart remarked the admiration in the man's face, and felt a thrill of pride and pleasure. The stranger was well-dressed, very well-dressed; he was a handsome man. Wohlfart felt a certain awe of him and of his dignified manner as he approached. Still, he decided to ask his advice about obtaining his boxes, and what he must do to get across the city to the train which was to carry him to the West; for in those days the

steamship companies did not ship their human freight, like their cattle, straight through from one side of the Atlantic to the other side of anywhere and everywhere. Wohlfart bowed, hesitatingly and timidly, and the man answered his salutation.

"That is a fine boy," said the stranger, "does he belong to you?"

"Yes, he is my boy," said Wohlfart, proudly, looking down on the child's beautiful face, more lovely even than usual in the pallor of the sickness, and with the blue eyes large and soft. "I do not know how to get my things," he continued; "could you tell me the way?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man readily, "but you cannot take the child into that crowd. I haven't anything to do; I will hold him for you, if you like."

To Wohlfart this was most kind, and his homesick heart felt a thrill of gratitude, responsive to the friendliness of the man. He thanked the stranger deferentially, saying that he feared to trouble him. But the man said no, it was no trouble; his friend had not come on the steamer; he was in no haste; he was very fond of children, as he had three of his own; and then he told Wohlfart just where to go and what to do. Wohlfart placed the little Anton in his arms, as he stood there waiting, and started off.

"Vater, vater," called the child in a weak, frightened little voice; but Wohlfart only turned and smiled at him reassuringly, and saying, "Father will be back in a moment," he hastened into the crowd.

He could not seem to find anything as the man had told him, and after trying for a few moments to follow the directions given him, he turned back to find the stranger and ask him more definitely as to what he should do. But he could see him nowhere. He looked and looked. Then he began to rush about among the people and to ask questions of them. But no one understood what he wanted, or even half listened to him. He stood still and looked about. This was the very place where he had left the man, with Anton in his arms; there were the same trunks and boxes and bundles and all; he was sure of it. A poor woman, noticing his face and its expression, came up and inquired what he had lost.

"Have you seen a man with a little boy in his arms?" asked Wohlfart.

"Why, yes," said the woman; "he got into a carriage and drove off a few minutes ago."

Wohlfart gave a cry of instinctive terror; he *felt* more than he *realized*. His child was gone — that was all he *knew*; but something told him that the boy was lost to him, that *all* was lost.

The agony of his face and that cry of anguish had frightened the people into a consciousness of something more vital in their midst than their own immediate interests. Eagerly they crowded around, questioning and trying to grasp the situation, as Wohlfart, in wild speech, half German and half English, told what had happened. When they finally understood, many of them became as excited and filled with amazement as was Wohlfart — for the moment; and all offered different suggestions and incoherent surmises. The father, wild, distracted, at one moment, and stunned at another, tried to grasp some possibility of action, in this strange country, among these strange people, speaking a language strange to him.

Finally, one man, quieter than the rest, took him by the arm. "Come," he said, "I will go with you to a police station: that is all you can do. Tell them what has happened."

Mechanically Wohlfart allowed himself to be led away. Some of the people followed; it was not very far to go. When they were there, the man led him in and up to a desk, behind which sat an officer with a face not unkind. The man with Wohlfart spoke a few words which sounded to him to be far, far away; he did not know what he said, but stood there dazed. Then the man shook his arm, and he became conscious that they were waiting for him to speak. He could not think what he was to say. Suddenly, overwhelmingly, it all rushed over him, and in a wild, strange voice, he began to cry out in his German tongue this thing which had come to him. They could hardly stop him, and make him understand that he must speak in English. Poor man, at a time when his heart was struggling for utterance, when his *heart* was all there *was* to speak, it must speak in a tongue foreign to itself, of a thing that was absorbing him, crazing him! At length, with the help of the other, the officer was able to grasp the meaning of the occurrence; that was all, of course.

"Some devil of a child-stealer!" he muttered; "they never tried *this* before, though." And he said aloud: "Well, my man, we will do what we can. It's a bad case! Where are you going?"

Where was he going — the father without the child? "Nowhere," said Wohlfart.

"You can stay here to-night," said the officer. "I want to ask you more about this."

Slowly the people went out, as they were ordered. The one man stayed and made Wohlfart sit down in a chair: they were frightened by his face. The officer brought him some brandy, but he could not drink it; he could not swallow; suddenly, but slowly and heavily, he fell over in a sort of stupor. After some

days in a hospital ward, his energies partly returned. As much of a search as was possible was made, but all to no avail.

Wohlfart, broken and at times crazed, hovered about the police station. He never once thought of going to the wharf for his things, but he did go down there and sit for hours every day, in the place where he had put the little Anton from his arms. And the remembrance of that man's smiling face would drive him to such fury that he would dare to stay no longer, lest he should throw himself into the water in despair, and so desert his child. Then he would drag himself back to his poor attic in an old tenement house near the police station; for he could not go away from the place. Visions of what his child might be enduring of cruelties and hardships, came ever before his mind. In his ears rang always the boy's cry, "Vater, Vater!" and the maddening thought of those might-have-beens that come so near to realities, almost killed him. The trustful, childlike soul of the peasant became filled with bitterness and rebellion against God and man.

One night, while wandering through a narrow, dirty street of East Boston, near to the wharves, a woman's voice reached him from the open window of a Bethel, near by. The words she spoke in a full, mild voice, although heard vaguely by Wohlfart yet seemed to stay in his mind: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The first word, "Father," had made him hear the rest; he began to think of them; they took possession of his soul, and brought a certain resignation and peace with them. Softly, the woman's voice seemed to Wohlfart to modulate into the loved tone of Sabine's voice: "Vater, vergieb ihnen, denn sie wissen nicht was sie thun." And faith entered into his being and abided there—faith that the little Anton was not alone among strangers, but that the mother was there, watching over her son. He knew it. And he went back to his attic, and slept.

It was not for him to sorrow longer in idleness; his money was gone; he must earn enough to keep him alive and strong, to look for Anton. Peasant as he was, he could not do work that would keep him indoors; besides, he must wander about, for any day he might see the face, hear the voice, that he had lost. He wanted only a little money—he did not need much. And he must be ever on the alert to see and hear all there was—not with his attention concentrated on some hard labor, such as working on roads or on buildings. Some one told him, half jestingly, to be a scissors-grinder. So he had started out, taking a certain route each day, and always going back near the wharf in East Boston at night.

Thus the years of his life had gone. He had come to dwell

more and more in the past; as old age had crept upon him, the thought had taken possession of him that it was his little child he must find, and the knowledge that the boy had grown into manhood had gone out from his mind. Any belief that Anton might be dead was never with him. For the last ten years of his life Wohlfart had cared only for little children, and they all seemed intuitively to love him. His mind became more and more concentrated on the thought of the little six-year-old son, and at the last there had been no convincing him that he was not soon to find him as he was when he had been stolen from him. Now and again a child's face or voice roused him and set his poor old heart to beating wildly; but never had he seen or heard *his* child.

Going one day dreamily along, the bell tolling slowly at his side, Wohlfart had started to cross a broad street. Suddenly there rang out on the air the sweet voice of a child. "Father, father," it called. Wohlfart stopped short, his heart throbbing, his breath coming quick and fast, and stared wildly about him.

"Look out!" yelled a voice. A man half rushed from the sidewalk to drag the old scissors-grinder out of danger; but there was not time, so he leaped back again himself. The horses tore up the street; the old man was thrown down, with his clumsy, heavy machine—his cross—upon his back, and the wheels of the carriage passed over him. The woman in the carriage covered the eyes of her little son, that he might not look on the dreadful sight; but she offered to do all she could for the poor old man.

Eight days later, Löbel Wohlfart died at the city hospital, his mind clear and peaceful, and with the words, "Vater, vergieb ihnen, denn sie wissen nicht was sie thun," upon his lips and in his heart.

GERALD MASSEY : POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THIRD PAPER, THE MYSTIC.

THE prophet and mystic must not be confused with the priest, for, speaking broadly, the two represent widely divergent spheres of thought. The prophet is the herald of progress. He assails outgrown beliefs, entrenched wrongs, and conventional injustice. He points from the half truths which were once helpful stepping stones, but which now retard man's onward march, to the broader vision which the future presents. His eye rests on the luminous peaks which lie before. He has unbounded faith in freedom. He is often a destroyer of the old, but it is that the new may rise in fairer forms and be of more enduring character. If he tears down the log cabin, it is that he may erect the marble palace.

The priest, on the other hand, is the defender of conservatism. He distrusts the new. To him the prophet is a destructionist who ignores that which age has sanctified and time made venerable. He fears that wider liberty and greater knowledge will prove dangerous. He worships at the shrine of the past. What is written, or what other ages have believed, is, in a certain way, sacred to him. The question, Is it true? breaks powerless as waves before the precipice, when it beats against his prejudice and the veneration with which he views the established order which has been sanctified by time. The priest is the bulwark of conventionalism.

This contrast is strikingly illustrated in the history of Israel's prophets. But nowhere does it find so impressive an illustration as in the life of Jesus. Here we see the relative attitude of the two great spheres of thought represented by these classes. On the one side was Jesus, the prophet and mystic; on the other, the priesthood, upholding the past and defending conditions as they existed. Jesus cried, "Ye have heard it said, 'An eye for an eye,' but I say, Love your enemies." Jesus disregarded the ceremonials, the dogmas, and the forms held sacred by the church. He was a Sabbath breaker. He mingled with publicans

and sinners. He healed the sick in a way entirely irregular. His teachings were regarded as sacrilegious and essentially dangerous to the established order. The great prophet and mystic pointed to the higher altitudes of spiritual attainment. He drew inspiration from the lily of the field. The gold of morning and the flaming scarlet of evening, the stars and blue Galilee, spoke more eloquently to him of his Father than did the stories of bloody strife in which the God of love was represented as ordering defenceless women and innocent babes to be mercilessly slain. The priesthood then, as has ever been the case, worshipped at the tomb of yesterday's thought and drew inspiration from the ideals of earlier ages, which time had made first venerable and then sacred in the eyes of man. It naturally regarded him at first with apprehension, later with alarm, and finally the fear of its members expressed itself in a deadly hate which ended in his martyrdom. It was repetition of history. The reputation and life of the prophet are always in danger. He will be misrepresented, slandered, and misjudged, if he escape the penalty of the death sentence. At rare intervals the soul of the prophet and mystic has been found under the robes of a priest, but here usually the priesthood has been arrayed against the iconoclast. Savonarola was a conspicuous example of this class.

In the sphere of religion the prophet is ever the advance courier of truth. He blazes the way for the groping multitude. He is impelled onward by the divine afflatus. He is always disquieting. He stimulates reason. He awakens the soul life. He points to the lily and says, Consider. He turns to the sky, glorious in the splendor of dawn or spangled with the silver of night, and exclaims, Behold! He takes up the record of the past, and, in a word, warns against unlimited scepticism and blind credulity. Do not, he urges, reject as wholly worthless, or accept as entirely divine, the accumulated wisdom and follies of ancient days, but employ God's most sacred gift to man — search for the truth. He looks into the faces of the thoughtful and says, Come, let us reason together. Consider — behold — search — reason! Thus does the prophet awaken the soul of man. He calls to the sleeping ego to be something more than an animal. He arouses the divine life, calls into action the higher potentialities of man's being, and in this way is a saviour to the individual as well as a torch bearer to civilization.

I speak of the prophet and mystic as one; for in truth the distinction is rather of degree than of nature; or, to be more accurate, they are different manifestations of the divine in man. The prophet is an engine in action. He is an aggressive power for righteousness now and here. He mingles with the surging tide of good and evil, a warrior for justice and truth. The

mystic ascends the mountains of spirituality and drinks deeply from the divine fountains. The truths of God steal into his soul silently and with an all-pervading influence, as the evening dew or the soft light of day comes to nature. We are told that Jesus on occasions, doubtless when weary with battling against the powers of evil on every side, and sick at heart for poor, suffering humanity, withdrew into the mountains to pray — that is, to commune with the Infinite.

The mystic craves the inspiration of solitude when torn by the discord of human strife. He possesses a strong intuitional nature. His interior vision is preternaturally developed. He hears, sees, and within his soul *knows* many things which elude the grasp of the self-seeking, business-enthralled struggler upon earth's restless highways. Some time ago I visited a friend who is a scientist and a deep student of the vibratory law. Taking down an instrument somewhat resembling a horn, he handed it to me. I put it to my ear and instantly I heard a great roaring in the room — a noise suggestive of a coming storm. I had merely been able to gather some of the noises present, which without the instrument had escaped my hearing. Doubtless the reader has often tried the same experiment with a shell. Now, the interior nature of the mystic is so thoroughly awake that his vision penetrates farther than those in whom the spiritual nature is less sensitive, and in moments of exaltation he beholds humanity with face set toward the sky — humanity moving slowly, and often with halting step, but ever moving Godward. He hears the voice of the Infinite, and knows that the ultimate end of all is *Good*. He speaks the words he hears unto those whose eyes are fixed upon the stars.

Sometimes he descends to the seething, struggling world below, where, tiger-like, man devours his fellow-men. Then the mystic not unfrequently becomes the prophet and reformer. In Jesus, we see the perfect blending — the mystic, prophet, and reformer; and in our own time we have frequently seen this trinity in unity. The poet Whittier affords a striking illustration in point. When confronting injustice and inhumanity the sweet-souled Quaker poet became a veritable Isaiah. His anti-slavery verses reveal a soul lost to self and fear, a brain on fire with holy indignation. His words burn into the heart; they fire but do not sear the conscience. They reveal to us a man whose love of justice and freedom has consumed all baser thought. Hear this heart-cry for the honor of the Old Bay State: —

O my God! — for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros
down! —

For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry:

"Up for God and Massachusetts! Set your feet on Mammon's lie!

Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your cotton's latest pound,
But in Heaven's name keep your honor, — keep the heart o' the Bay
State sound!"

So also, in this stanza from "The Crisis," we are reminded of the prophet, who speaks with an authority from within, in bold contrast to the diffident, retiring, and mild-mannered Quaker: —

The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebai's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

From the heat and turmoil of the great moral battles which so profoundly aroused the prophet soul, we turn to the poet after he has withdrawn from the forum of public contention — after he has ascended the mountain, if you will — and hear the calm-voiced mystic utter thoughts which flood his soul as the moonlight floods the snow-crowned mountain peaks: —

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse!

O friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of morning-land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac —
What more could Jordan render back?

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here —
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

And again he asserts, with that all-sustaining faith which characterizes the true mystic:—

There are, who like the seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down His pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by His tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

In Gerald Massey, as in Whittier, we find the union of the prophet, reformer, and mystic. We have seen with what superb courage he has assailed entrenched wrongs and popular injustice. We have noted his lofty faith, and caught glimpses of the future triumph of right through the mirror of his soul. We now pass to notice the poet as a mystic. In the following lines we have a great thought beautifully expressed:—

God hath been gradually forming man
In His own image since the world began,
And is forever working on the soul,
Like sculptor on his statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some semblance of the Eternal thought.
Race after race hath caught its likeness of
The Maker as the eyes grew large with love.

Here is a companion thought:—

What you call matter is but as the sheath,
Shaped, even as bubbles are, by the spirit-breath.
The mountains are but firmer clouds of earth,
Still changing to the breath that gave them birth.
Spirit aye shapeth matter into view,
As music wears the form it passes through.
Spirit is lord of substance, matter's sole
First cause, formative power, and final goal.

It will be seen that the poet, while discarding the crude ideas and conceptions of creation which were born in the childhood of the human race, opposes the views popular among certain thinkers, who hold that the human brain is merely an expression of physical evolution, and that the law-governed universe, with art, design, and intelligence visible in its every phenomenon, is merely the result of force, working blindly and without intelligence. The wonderful facts demonstrated through hypnotism, and the results which have crowned the painstaking and careful

research of leading scientists in the fields of psychical phenomena, have by external evidence and incontrovertible facts greatly strengthened the position arrived at by the mystic through the intuitional power and acute interior perception.

Mr. Massey believes that the tree is to be judged by its fruit; that according as you have performed the will of the Infinite One, or expressed the best and truest in your life, you shall be rewarded—or, rather, that every good deed bears the doer upward, every real sin lowers the soul. He teaches the high and wholesome morality that, precisely as we help lift and benefit our fellow-men, our souls blossom into the likeness of divinity; that it is by *deeds of service that the spirit is made royal*. His teaching touching the future of the soul is thus clearly set forth:—

Both heaven and hell are from the human race,
And every soul projects its future place:
Long shadows of ourselves are thrown before,
To wait our coming on the eternal shore;
These either clothe us with eclipse and night,
Or, as we enter them, are lost in light.

There is a striking similarity of thought between the above and these lines to Whittier, although the imagery is entirely different:—

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Mr. Massey, while holding that law runs through the universe and that sin brings its own punishment, does not hold to the frightful old-time doctrine that man, environed by sin and surrounded by temptation, having only a few fleeting years in which to obtain wisdom, is nevertheless doomed to be lost for eternity if he fall by the wayside. Such a belief is abhorrent to so broad, tender, and noble a nature as his. On this point he says:—

I think heaven will not shut forevermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated traveller should come
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, far off, turn them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
▲ Father infinitely fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day.

I could not sing the song of harvest home,
Thinking of those poor souls that never come;
I could not joy for harvest gathered in,
If any souls, like tares and twitch of sin,
Were flung out by the farmer to the fire,
Whose smoke of torment, rising higher and higher,
Should fill the universe forevermore.

Our science grasps with its transforming hand,
Makes real half the tales of wonder-land.
We turn the deathliest fetor to perfume;
We give decay new life and rosy bloom;
Change filthy rags to paper, virgin white;
Make pure in spirit what was foul to sight.
Even dead, recoiling force, to a fairy gift
Of help is turned, and taught to deftly lift.
How can we think God hath no crucible
Save some black country of a burning hell?
Or the great ocean of Almighty power,
No scope to take the life stream from our shore,
Muddy and dark, and make it pure once more?

Dear God, it seems to me that love must be
The missionary of eternity!
Must still find work, in worlds beyond the grave,
So long as there's a single soul to save;
Gather the jewels that flash Godward in
The dark, down-trodden, toad-like head of sin;
That all divergent lines at length will meet,
To make the clasping round of love complete;
The rift 'twixt sense and spirit will be healed,
Before creation's work is crowned and sealed;
The discords cease, and all their strife shall be
Resolved in one vast, peaceful harmony.

Another truth which Mr. Massey frequently expresses is the presence of the Infinite One here and now, in opposition to the narrow view that God spake to His children only in ancient times. Like Whittier, he ever teaches that God is with us *now* and here, and that none of the glory of other days is absent from our own. In one notable poem he thus sings:—

There is no gleam of glory gone,
For those who read in nature's book;
No lack of triumph in their look
Who stand in her eternal dawn.

And again, with the calm assurance of the mystic, he says:—

Not only in old days He bowed
The heavens and came down;
We, too, were shadowed by the cloud,
We saw the glory shown!
The nations that seemed dead have felt
His coming through them thrill:
Beneath His tread the mountains melt:
Our God is living still!

He who in secret hears the sigh,
 Interprets every tear,
 Hath lightened on us from on high,
 Made known His presence near!
 The Word takes flesh, the Spirit form,
 His purpose to fulfil;
 He comes in person of the storm —
 Our God who governs still!

We saw — all of us saw — how He
 Drew sword and struck the blow,
 And up and free through their Red Sea
 He bade the captives go:
 Yea, we have seen Him, clearly seen
 Him work the miracle:
 We know, whate'er may intervene,
 Our God is with us still!

The veil of time a moment falls
 From off the Eternal's face:
 Recede the old horizon walls
 To give fresh breathing space:
 And all who lift their eyes may learn
 It is our Father's will,
 This world to Him shall freely turn,
 A world of freedom still!

The traveller in the valley sees little of what is around him. He journeys for a day up the mountain slope, and his vision is marvellously broadened. Another day's journey toward the peak reveals a still more glorious panorama, and when he reaches the highest crest an almost infinite expanse stretches on every side. So the barbarian caught a contracted and very partial view of God's love and beauty — his own limitation of vision and the animal passions which overmastered him dulled spiritual perception. But as the race rose through countless ages, the conception of the Infinite became expanded, and as the spirit grew more and more sublimated, the real character of the Deity, uncolored by human prejudice and passion, became apparent to the most royal natures. A hint of this thought is given in the last stanza of the above lines.

Few poets have ever thrown into simple words a more beautiful conception of man's relation to God, or God's broad love and sympathy for his children, who through past ages have been struggling upward toward the light, than is found in these lines of Mr. Massey's: —

This human life is no mere looking-glass,
 In which God sees His shadows as you pass.
 He did not start the pendulum of time,
 To go by law with one great swing sublime,
 Resting himself in lonely joy apart:
 But to each pulse of life his beating heart.
 And, as a parent sensitive, is stirred
 By falling sparrow, or heart-winged word.

As the babe's life within the mother's, dim
 And deaf, you dwell in God, a dream of Him.
 Ye stir, and put forth feelers which are clasped
 By airy hands, and higher life is grasped
 As yet but darkly. Life is in the root,
 And looking heavenward, from the ladder-foot,
 Wingless as worms, with earthiness fast bound,
 Up which ye mount but slowly, round on round.
 Long climbing brings ye to the Father's knee;
 Ye open gladsome eyes at last to see
 That face of love ye felt so inwardly.

In this vast universe of worlds no waif,
 No spirit, looks to Him but floateth safe;
 No prayer so lowly but is heard on high;
 And if a soul should sigh, and lift an eye,
 That soul is kept from sinking with a sigh.

All life, down to the worm beneath the sod,
 Hath spiritual relationship to God —
 The Life of Life, the love of all, in all;
 Lord of the large and infinitely small.

In these lines our poet gives expression to the new religion which is taking possession of the most exalted minds of our day. It is all very well to say that God is so much more than the finest expression of the divine in man that we cannot comprehend Him; but we cannot use this reasonable assumption to bolster up the unreasonable and impossible one that God's attributes are not in alignment with the most perfect ideal which haunts the noblest brains of the best civilization. There are certain eternal verities, the highest and most splendid of which is love. These verities are immutable and unchanging; they form a constellation upon which the eyes of the noblest and most truly divine in all ages have been fastened. And as humanity in her slow ascent rises to higher altitudes of civilization, a greater number come to appreciate the supreme truth that it is only that which is divine in essence which can yield enduring happiness and spiritual peace. The Golden Rule is not peculiar to any one religion. It has been taught in spirit by philosophers, poets, and sages throughout the ages. There are certain fundamental principles in ethics which, by common consent, the highest and purest souls of all lands and periods have regarded as divine; and in proportion as man has given expression to the godlike attributes in his life has he approached earth's highest dream of divinity. The lofty ideal which this dream embodies runs like a thread of gold through every civilization. It was taught by Zoroaster and Confucius, by Gaudama and Pythagoras, by the prophets of Israel, and the Stoics of Greece and Rome; it found glorious expression in the life and teaching of Jesus. God, compared with earth's noblest man, may be as the ocean to the

rivulet, as the Himalayas to the ant mound; but His nature must, if He is the incarnation of what humanity holds as highest, sweetest and truest, be all that the most divine expression of manhood is and inconceivably more than this in *the expression of the divine attributes*. He must be the infinite reservoir of all those virtues which make manhood divine; and being this, He could not do things which would be abhorrent to the noblest man. If at any point throughout the cycle of eternity He should draw the dead line across which even the weakest of the children He has called into an eternal existence might not fly from darkness and pain into the light, purity, and love of a better life, He would be guilty of a crime so abhorrent to an exalted and humane earthly parent that the parent himself would rather die than condemn his offspring to such a fate.

This supreme truth, that God must be better than the best man instead of worse than the most cruel savage, is, the keynote of the new evangel which our nineteenth-century prophets and mystics have given the children of men. This is the thought which Whittier, who, in the truest sense, was a mystic, so forcibly put in the following lines:—

I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

* * * *

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

* * * *

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

This same thought is further impressively taught in the exquisite little allegorical poem, "The Two Angels," in which Whittier gives voice to the conception of God which is the burden of the song of the great poets of our time:—

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above;
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! A wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world awells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light, and blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness, and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sounds of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

In one of his last poems, Tennyson, while the light of the other
world was silvering his brow, thus expressed this same conception:—

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,

* * * * *

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Through the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.

Wait till death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

The idea of the Eternal Goodness, in varying phraseology, has been presented by almost all the great poets and prophets of our own time. Gerald Massey, in one of his terse sentences, says: "*Any God who demands the worship of fear is unworthy the service of love.*" The new religion goes out in love to all life. It binds up the bruises of him who has fallen by the wayside. It extends the hand to the sinking. It calls aloud for justice for the weak and oppressed. It denounces tyranny, injustice, and whatsoever lowers manhood or degrades womanhood. It demands that the rights of the child and those of the mother be sacredly and inviolably kept. It whispers hope and love to the despairing. It gives voice to the words which come from above in the most exalted songs of our time. It teaches the kinship of man to God in such a way that the old-time nightmare disappears. And as the child, with open arms and joyous cry, rushes to meet the loved parent, so do earth's children go to the Father above for

that sustaining power and holy peace which through all past time sages have drawn from the Infinite. This thought is beautifully set forth by Mr. Massey in the following lines:—

There is no pathway man hath ever trod,
By faith or seeking sight, but ends in God.
Yet 'tis in vain ye look without to find
The inner secrets of the eternal mind,
Or meet the King on His external throne.
But when ye kneel at heart, and feel so lone,
Perchance behind the veil you get the grip
And spirit-sign of secret fellowship;
Silently as the gathering of a tear
The human want will bring the Helper near:
The very weakness that is utterest need
Of God, will draw Him down with strength indeed.

In the province of religious thought, Mr. Massey has been a herald of the new day. His utterances are deeply spiritual, yet charmingly rational. While recognizing the interior self as the true ego, and fully appreciating the spiritual forces underlying creation, he abhors superstition, and is filled with a holy passion for a more complete knowledge of life. He cannot understand why men should place prejudice above truth, and believes it to be the sacred duty of every man, woman, and child, to use the divine torch of reason to guide his steps. He is a thorough believer in evolution, and hails modern science as the handmaid of progress. In a word, Gerald Massey is a child of the dawn.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN RE WALT WHITMAN.*

THE secret of the lasting charm and interest in the character and writings of Walt Whitman is probably due in large measure to the astounding frankness with which he uttered himself. He had nothing to conceal. He had robbed no one, abused no one. He had lived cleanly and on high ground. Impulses of the brute and lower man he felt and acknowledged, but he was their master always. His life was neither starchy correct nor was it lawless. His own brother, who had small sympathy for Walt's poetry and none whatever for his views on the world, settles the question of Walt's early life by saying:—

It is all nonsense about Walt's licentiousness. Walt was always a man of clean habits. Even in early life, Walt had no licentious habits. I was in Brooklyn in the early fifties when Walt came back from New Orleans. We all lived together. No change had come over him. He was the same man, only older and wiser. I never saw him under the influence of liquor; on the contrary, his care in this respect was a lesson for any one. He was plain and homely in his living.

With such a life behind him, Whitman could speak as no man ever spoke concerning life and death, sex and the soul. He could claim kinship with the libertine by inherited passion, not by action, and with the kingliest intellects of earth by actual achievement. He was cosmos in little, as every man is, and his aim was to utter his heights and depths as well. He had his absurdities and his sublimities. Everything he did was on a colossal scale.

Not long since I sat in church and heard Rev. Minot J. Savage begin his sermon by reading the following passage from Whitman:—

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms which have helped me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen.
For me stars kept aside in their rings;
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me.
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebulae cohered to an orb.
The long, slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance.
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employed to complete me;
Now on this point I stand with my robust soul.

* "In Re Walt Whitman." Cloth; pp. 452; price \$2. David McKay, Philadelphia, Penn.

As the passage was read, with perfect comprehension and fine eloquence, I felt the audience shiver with that great awe we feel in the presence of a master spirit. They grew still as death as they caught and assimilated the gigantic figures with which the poet sketched the upward tendency of nature struggling forward toward the conscious man. And as I listened, I thought of the strange yet simple personality of Walt Whitman, whose hand I had been permitted to grasp many times while yet it was warm with blood. And I thought, Here is the scripture of the modern. I mentally returned thanks to Mr. Savage for his brave words in introducing Whitman to his audience.

There is growing in this country a feeling that Whitman was one of the mightiest forces of our new democracy. Tastes differ; to some he is a poet, to others not. There can be no question about the power of his thought and the sincerity of his feeling. The interest in him will not lessen, it will increase.

Whitman's literary executors have brought forward in "In Re Walt Whitman" many of the utterances of Whitman's friends—"converts," one might very properly say. They include some of the loftiest names of modern times, and deal with Whitman from all sides. But best of all are the reports of the talks around the table at the Whitman reunions. The talk is taken down as it flowed, and is highly characteristic—now rough, now tender, now commonplace, now full of mysticism and subtle shadow.

Whitman's "egoism" has troubled many people—probably because it is the frank utterance of a sentiment we all feel, but dare not speak directly. The most egotistical man I ever knew was a man who always apologized for saying "I." Whitman does not apologize. He utters himself without reserve. He talked of "Walt Whitman" as if he were a third person in whom he had a paternal interest. When this is understood, his frankness ceases to shock; it seems natural.

This volume will prove invaluable to all who wish to continue study of a strange yet simple soul of immense force. Here are papers by eminent critics in France, England, Germany, and elsewhere. Here are letters from the leaders in literature of a dozen peoples. The estimation in which he was held by the most fearless thinkers is fully set forth by Tennyson, Sarrazin, Symonds, Dowden, Burroughs, etc. No American ever built up such discipleship. There is, of course, an excess of fervor, and some downright exaggeration on the part of the most ardent, but that can be excused in view of the understanding which is gained of a great democratic and original thinker.

Mr. Horace Troubel's papers are most valuable because of the closeness of his relation to Whitman. To him more than to any other fell the task (which was not a task) of accompanying Whitman down to the edge of the swift river. His gentleness and devotion did much to make Whitman's last days comfortable. The book is published by the poet's literary executors.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ASLEEP AND AWAKE.*

"Asleep and Awake" is another volume marking the distinctive thought of the present transition period. As a narrative and also a psychological study, the book is enthralling. It is written under an assumed name, and so lifelike are the experiences, that one naturally infers it to be in part history, and not purely imaginative fiction blended with untried philosophy. As the heart is encouraged, grows lighter and warms under the kindly glance of a kindred soul, so rarely, but occasionally, encountered on the world's jostling highways, so there are those who will be exalted by these companionable pages.

Many of the occurrences here set down illustrate most vividly the great fact that *experience* is the price that must be paid for freedom, wisdom, and love, that ethereal, all pervasive incense of the soul.

The soul has many sides; it is a complex unit. It is many things. It is a child, it is a parent, it is a husband, or wife, it is a worker, it is a dreamer, it is a student, it is a teacher. All these multitudinous wants clamor for satisfaction. The more the soul's wants are satisfied the more complete is its existence.

As it expands, this soul ever draws to itself that same divine sustenance which feeds and clothes in such purity and loveliness the growing lily. God has not fettered man but blessed him with absolute liberty. Nor has He ever left him utterly without a guide in his pursuit of truth.

In all ages, every system of society has had its sun, to light the people up the Godward way of truth. The great majority, unheeding these illuminati, have in self-pride and self-blinded search for happiness become entangled in the weeds of error. Struggling to satisfy their unholy desires, they have trampled one another under foot. For this Christ came into the world, to "save man from man, and not from God," as Joaquin Miller so aptly suggests.

Life appears one vast university, where pain is a beneficent corrector. Those not victims of unjust social conditions, who in high treason to society and God bemoan their existence and assail their task-master, fail to take their degree. But striving ones who faithfully, humbly, and freely consecrate body, brain, and heart to their allotted tasks, become strangers to chance, and find the path of duty no meaningless labyrinth. These souls, as this story interprets, are awake, tremulously, sensitively conscious; cautiously, step by step, feeling their way, that they may mistake no truth which will tell them how to live. So high in celestial realms is pictured their ideal of a perfect life, that it is an ever urgent incentive to tireless perseverance. They are possessed by one consuming thought and aspiration—to learn all that earth can teach and practise all that Heaven requires. Thus is made the holy dedication, and as the daily lesson leaves unfold, there ensues the struggle for reconciliation between the interior self and the external world.

On constant resistance is the foundation of virtue established. Not

* "Asleep and Awake," by Raymond Russell. Cloth; pp. 199. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

in alluring solitary mountain fastnesses, but in the active, turbulent, seething world, must the battle be fought. Where dangers thickest and darkest threaten their beloved humanity, there will awakened souls be found. They mingle in the mighty maelstrom of men and women, standing singly, quivering it may be, waging their terrible conflict alone. Seldom are they comprehended or encouraged by those bound to them in the closeness of family ties; in one moment lifted to heights of brief exultation, but ever and anon to be dashed, bleeding and bruised, on the stones at their feet. Yet nothing daunted in this their character building, they feel as did the sage of old, that the sharp trial is their great blessing.

Out of this travail is born, to those who remain true while so severely tried, that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." Becoming as little children, their lips prayerfully and pleadingly breathe forth, "Our Father." Then how surely and quickly is sensed the clasp of strong, waiting arms; and gently, tenderly, and soothingly are they rocked on His Infinite Bosom until all is love, divine harmony, and peace. This may not signify that every burden is lifted; in truth the pressure of the heaviest may still be felt. It would seem that "souls are measured by their capacity to suffer," and spirit is assuredly endowed with "illimitable capacity to enjoy and to suffer, twin capabilities of the soul that grow with the growth of the soul."

"Asleep and Awake" imparts much that is beautiful and true, concerning a correct mode of life, but fails to answer satisfactorily "*Why we live*." Too much emphasis is laid on the exercise of the individual human will, independent of the Divine Mind. One is not surprised at the sad *denouement* of the story in view of the brooding spirit of pessimism which to a certain extent permeates the work. Souls have been stranded and wrecked by want of faith, and it is doubly appalling when through their influence other fellow-beings are hurled into abysmal depths of despair. It is evident that the mortal who knows not God, knows only chaos. Musing over the past the biographer of Lenore observes:—

Did I dream that my error would reach a far-off, innocent soul, and dash it upon fatal rocks? Nevertheless it did so. The blue vein of consequence beats ever large and vivid in the white forehead of cause; there is no tearing them asunder. It is for us to remember how terribly serious is this business of living. Lenore may be right—we may all sleep, but if so, we have some vivid dreams, and many of our dreams are the reflections of realities; and the vision of a spotless woman kneeling beside a spotless man, before the altar of the pure and holy passion of love, is not the least real and radiant of our dreams.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

PRAIRIE SONGS.*

Hamlin Garland has, during the past few years, attained a foremost position among the few really strong writers of short stories. He has

* "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland. Cloth; price \$1.25. Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.

won an enviable place as a novelist, and now he appears as a poet of the prairies. His latest volume will be a surprise and a delight to thousands of sincere persons who appreciate the robust thought of the new time, and who love truth in art and that fresh, rugged, and healthful style which suggests the freedom and candor of nature.

Mr. Garland is the first writer, so far as I am aware, who has caught the atmosphere of Western farm life in such a degree as to appeal with power to the imagination of those of us who were born and raised in the West. An eminent clergyman who had spent some years in the West remarked, after reading "Main-Travelled Roads," "I could again taste the dust from the straw stack of the thresher as I read 'The Branch Road.'" And this vividly illustrates exactly what I mean when I place Mr. Garland's stories and poems of Western life beyond those of other writers. There are many authors who, during recent years, have given us good work, and in picturing some phases of Western life Whitcomb Riley is unsurpassed; indeed, the work of each of these men rather complements that of the other. Mr. Riley is particularly fine in his lighter sketches; Mr. Garland is never so strong as when he paints a sombre or tragic scene.

There is an ethical quality found in "Prairie Songs" which is very fine, in that it suggests so much to minds of average imagination. Here is a little waif which illustrates my thought:—

O wind of the West, go greet for me
Those toilers in the city deeps!
Go teach them to be wild and free,
And chainless as the eagle keeps.
Go fill their hearts with hot desire
To rise above their sooty task;
Go teach them to be wild as fire,
To ask, and compass that they ask!

Here the west wind, penetrating and piercing in winter, cooling and invigorating in summer, well symbolizes a messenger of unrest and of hope. The fetterless eagle is in startling antithesis to the industrial serf, bound by unjust conditions, while the powerful imagery reaches its climax in the prairie fire.

The purely descriptive verses are among the strongest lines in the volume, a fair illustration of which is found in the following powerful poem, entitled "Drought":—

O wide dun land, where the fierce suns smite,
And the wind is a furnace breath,
Where the beautiful sky has a sinister light,
And the earth lies dread and dry as death;
Where the sod lies scorching, and wan grass sighs,
And the hot red morning has no birds—
O songless sunset land! I close mine eyes
In sheer despair of thy dim reach—
O level waste! so lone thou art, no words
Can tell, no pictures teach.

A presence like a curse! no insects' hum —
 No chirping crickets' cheery ring —
 A white mist-wall of bounding space
 Flecked with the swift gull's fluttering,
 Alone confronts the asking face!
 No tree stands green against the sky —
 The hawk swims in the blazing air,
 He scarce can find (though keen his eye)
 A human heart beat anywhere.

Many of the verses are reminiscent. Here are some which Western boys will appreciate:—

A lonely task it is to plow!
 All day the black and shining soil
 Rolls like a ribbon from the mold-board's
 Glistening curve. All day the horses toil
 And battle with the flies, and strain
 Their creaking harnesses. All day
 The crickets jeer from wind-blown shocks of grain.

October brings the frosty dawn,
 The still, warm noon, and cold, clear night,
 When stiffened crickets make no sound,
 And wild ducks in their southward flight
 Go by in haste;—and still the boy
 And toiling team gnaw round by round,
 On weather-beaten stubble band by band,
 Until at last, to his great joy,
 The winter's frost seals up the unplowed land.

The author's strong love of justice and sympathy with the toilers will be felt by all readers, although it is present in spirit more often than in articulate utterance. In one waif, however, Mr. Garland's indignation at unjust conditions, in which parasites fatten in idleness, and the poor toil to bent and hopeless age, finds voice in the following lines:—

A tale of toil that's never done, I tell;
 Of life where love's a fleeting wing
 Across the toiler's murky hell
 Of endless, cheerless journeying.
 I draw to thee the far-off poor
 And lay their sorrows at thy door.
 Thou shalt not rest while these my kind
 Toil hopelessly in solitude;
 Thou shalt not leave them out of mind —
 They must be reckoned with. The food
 You eat shall bitter be,
 While law robs them and feedeth thee.

Perhaps the dialect lines will be the most popular; they are excellent specimens of what was once common speech in the West, but which is rapidly vanishing before schoolhouses, and the plentiful and never-ending harvest of the printing press.

Mr. Garland is a true son of the West; his stories and poems are laden with the aroma of broken sod, new-mown hay, and falling leaves. He

loves his native heath, and has a sublime faith in her future; but this does not blind him to the sombre side of Western life. With him the tears of childhood do not form a rainbow as he looks backward to the bitter hours of youth and the hardships of farm life, and this peculiarity of his work gives it a historic value not found in the pictures of many writers who follow conventional paths.

It will not surprise me if this new volume of characteristic Western verses occasions another attack of mental hydrophobia among some conservative critics, who are always affected distressingly when a volume appears which is too strong, true, and original to be conventional. These little men have been lonely since Walt Whitman died. "Prairie Songs," however, will afford them an opportunity for the display of pedantry.

B. O. FLOWER.

TWO VIEWS OF SOULS.*

In this brief title to which, as token of the author's quality, may be added a little leaflet inserted in each copy of the book to the effect that it is not for sale but may be had on application to her, is to be found one of the most singular as well as most suggestive contributions to the constantly growing literature of the occult. Profoundly religious in thought, passionately desirous of making life easier for all workers, with a New England conscience of the most intense order, and a conviction of the worthlessness of this life save as preparation for a better life to come, these forces have worked together to form a conception of what this world has to offer, as unreal as that of a Hindoo devotee. An ardent believer in reincarnation, and in all possibilities of the independent existence of the astral body, Mrs. Aber's personal character is so high and fine, her spiritual quality so clear, that one accepts her statements as to personal experiences unhesitatingly, and questions only her theory of the universe and the conclusions she draws from it.

Far more important than anything between the covers of the little book is the fact that it represents a marked and important phase through which the thought of many most earnest seekers after truth seems to be passing, and which, if accepted without question, will mean loss of all capacity for understanding the real relations of body and soul. That these relations are more and more questioned, and that hearing is given to anything in thought or speculation that may throw light upon them, is a tribute to that spiritual side of the century given in great part to material advancement, but in these latter days feeling the inereeping of the tide of spiritual force from the ocean we have ignored.

Having by prolonged fasting and many experiments acquired the power which, in her introductory note, she claims belongs rightfully to all men, that of separating soul from body at will, she gives in the seven chapters of her book the results of the recovery of this power. She has

* "Souls," by Mary Alling Aber. R. R. Donnelley & Sons, 144 Monroe Street, Chicago. Privately printed.

seen the dark caverns, as horrible as Swedenborg's hells, in which imbruted and unrepentant souls dwell until another reincarnation is permitted them, and she has travelled at will through the many spheres inhabited by the souls who have striven for right, but conquered only in part. From them and from her own observation she gains the code of life and morals set forth in her chapter on "The Virtues of Souls." In this and the chapter on "Soul Consciousness and Freedom," there are passages of great force and beauty.

It is impossible not to yield assent to her faith in love and wisdom and knowledge as redeemers; equally impossible to believe that absolute denial of all that our human nature implies is the method of real progress. That simplification of living is a necessity; that vegetarianism makes stronger and stronger claim as the reasonable form of food for thinking men, are both more and more accepted facts; but when the claim is made that Indian corn is the most perfect grain and pop-corn and water the most perfect form of diet, the sense of absurdity is too much for the reader, and one wonders if Mrs. Aber has ever studied the chemical analysis of grains or realized the quality of a grain of wheat.

In her creed, sex is a terror and a snare, and life chiefly atonement for the sins and blunders of previous incarnations; in short, the earth is as undesirable a home as ever Puritan or monk or ascetic of any time has made it—a prison from which escape seems to be only into larger prisons, till, in some distant æon, final absorption of the soul in the central flame, ends the weary struggle toward a well-nigh unattainable goal.

There is a more cheering gospel. Body can serve soul no less than soul the body, and development for both can be so perfectly brought about that each can know the joy of existence, and something more than mere renunciation. More life, more sense of its infinite possibilities, is what we want, and what is to come; a life that can hold insight as clear as that of the author at many points, but hold it with no denial of the good that is at the heart of all life.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY.*

Since the death of Mr. Blaine, Honorable William McKinley is probably the ablest leader in the Republican party. The recent tidal wave of popular indignation against the administration which is so generally regarded as Anglomaniac places his name foremost among the candidates the Republican party are liable to put forward in the next presidential election. For these reasons this book will have a special interest for a certain class of readers. Above all consideration of the author or his possible future, however, the speeches of Mr. McKinley are an exceedingly valuable acquisition to the political literature of the republic.

* "Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley." Cloth; pp. 664. With steel engraved portraits of Mr. McKinley, James A. Garfield, U. S. Grant, John A. Logan, and Rutherford B. Hayes. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

He is a representative Republican, a man of more than ordinary ability, and although lacking that statesmanship which enables him to rise superior to party and be an independent power for right, regardless of effects, he is much above the average politician as a thinker and an expounder of political theories. He also understands how to present his views in a manner intelligible and pleasing to the general reader, which gives an element of popularity not found in many political works.

The speeches in this volume mirror the thought of the Republican party during the past fifteen years, and in one way are a history of the party in its various attitudes, represented at its best, by one of its most accomplished advocates. As such it is a work of real value to all students of political history. The most noteworthy of the speeches deal with protection and tariff laws, although there are important discussions on other themes, and well-considered addresses on Garfield, Logan, Grant, and Hayes. The positions of Mr. McKinley are, in many instances, in direct opposition to what I believe to be sound statesmanship, and his financial views are well calculated to evoke the unqualified admiration of President Cleveland, as well as the Bank of England and Wall Street.

In looking over these addresses, one who is in touch with the vital issues and problems pregnant with permanent influence for good or ill to the nation, will be impressed with the skill evinced by Mr. McKinley in avoiding questions which may be termed root problems affecting present-day conditions and the future of the republic. The tariff bugaboo, which was the chief stock in trade of the old Whig party during its decrepitude, is the theme which above all others weighs upon the mind of the author. His position on silver is the position of the Bank of England and the usurer class of America. On the great land question he is silent as a sphinx; on governmental ownership of natural monopolies he is non-committal; and so on, one might enunciate issue after issue, vital in essence, about which this shrewd Republican does not care to commit himself. This shows the presence of the politician whose political horizon is bounded by the planks of his party.

As a mirror of the thought which has dominated the Republican party during recent years this work is valuable; but to those who see in the growing inequality between the rich and the poor a grave menace to the republic; to those who see trusts and monopolies not only fattening on the earning of the industrial millions, but defying the people and dictating nominations; to those who see in the initiative, the referendum, proportionate representation, and the land problem, the propriety of giving the nation control of natural monopolies, and to those who appreciate the necessity of the people taking the volume of money, or the medium of exchange, out of the hands of individuals and syndicates who are oppressing the millions and controlling legislation, the book will be chiefly interesting as ancient history. The author is dwelling in the graveyard of dead issues.

B. O. FLOWER.

DUFFELS.*

Edward Eggleston appears at his best in his new volume of short stories entitled "Duffels." The second story, in which an old Maryland legend is woven into a tale of love and hate, is very fine. "A Basement Story" is quite out of the general run of such writings, and is told in an admirable manner; it is one of the best things in the book. "The Gunpowder Plot" is probably the most interesting of the eleven stories which comprise the volume; though it is difficult to choose among a collection so admirable as are these simple tales of humble life.

Dr. Eggleston cannot be called a strong writer—he interests rather than enthalls; but his writings are always wholesome in their atmosphere, and this work is commended to lovers of short stories.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.†

"The Story of Washington," written by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, is a contribution of real value upon a subject which has become hackneyed in the hands of goody-goody mediocrity. The life of Washington, stripped of passion, becomes a wonder story, and, considered from a wholesome, matter-of-fact point of view, presents a valuable and striking history of the evolution of a life by no means extraordinary in youth or early manhood, but one which blossomed into something very fine under the pressure of a great crisis and of terrible trials and responsibilities.

Mrs. Seelye has told the story of the life of Washington in a fascinating manner, and young people will enjoy it as much as a romance, while she has confined herself strictly to authentic facts, and consequently the work has a special value. It should be placed in the hands of every American boy and girl.

B. O. FLOWER.

MINIATURES FROM BALZAC'S MASTERPIECES.‡

Balzac's genius is coming to be recognized more and more with the passing years. He has been termed the modern Shakespeare, and many excellent critics consider him the greatest novelist France has given our century. The compilers of this little work, "Miniatures from Balzac," have culled a number of striking utterances from the works of this voluminous writer. I do not, however, feel that they have been as happy in their selections as they might have been. Some of the quotations are bright, striking, and pointed, as for example the following:—

Self-love is a knave that never lacks a dupe.

Politics are a debauch of selfish interests.

A "financier" is a conqueror who sacrifices the masses to obtain his secret ends.

* "Duffels," a volume of short stories by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; price \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

† "The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, with introduction by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; pp. 382; price \$1.75. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

‡ "Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces." Translated and compiled by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill. Cloth; pp. 194; price 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

When silence falls between man and wife, and the day comes when the word "we" is no longer used, a true divorce has been accomplished.

Results are the profits of society; motives concern God.

We can cauterize a wound, but we know no remedy for the hurt produced by words.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

Many of the selections, however, are of doubtful value, and in some instances do the great Frenchman an injustice, divorced as they are from the context. This is the peril which attends any culling from the works of a master, when quotations are too brief to carry the full-orbed idea of the author.

The value of the little book is greatly enhanced by a critical but sympathetic introduction, which, indeed, will be more valued by friends and admirers of Balzac than the "Miniatures." B. O. FLOWER.

IMMORTELLES.*

The compiler of this little volume has displayed admirable discrimination in her selections. In a work like this everything depends upon the judgment of the compiler. Rose Porter has threaded a string of immortal pearls, which will be prized by those who are partial to the writings of the late poet laureate; and many who have heretofore shrunk from the closely printed and voluminous popular editions of Tennyson will be led from this work to a more intimate acquaintance with the poet.

Tennyson wrote much that must prove very helpful to the reader. The atmosphere which pervades most of his writings, like that which characterized in such a marked degree the thoughts of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell, is uplifting and refining. If each person in this busy world would give the soul a little more culture, a transformation would soon take place in society. And one of the best methods by which the general reader will be enabled to enter the spiritual sanctuary, is to set apart a few minutes each day to a thoughtful perusal of the loftiest thoughts of our poets and singers, for they reflect in a very real way the divine thought which energizes the spiritual nature. This little volume will aid all who wish to commune with Tennyson in his most exalted and spiritual moments. B. O. FLOWER.

HARTMAN THE ANARCHIST.†

The conception and details of this book were, without question, suggested by Ignatius Donnelly's remarkable volume, "Cæsar's Column." Indeed, so much of the book as is unique or out of the ordinary in plot

* "Immortelles." Selections from the writings of Alfred Tennyson, arranged by Rose Porter. Cloth; blue and gold; pp. 182; price \$1. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

† "Hartman the Anarchist," by E. Douglass Fawcett. Illustrated by Fred T. Jane. Cloth; pp. 214. Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W. C., London. Macmillan & Co., New York.

and idea is a weak imitation of Mr. Donnelly's work. It is one of the tributes which mediocrity invariably pays to the original thinker, that it is quick to seize and utilize the ideas which his literary brain have given to the world. Those who have read the account of the air demons given by Mr. Donnelly, and the work they accomplished, will be amazed to find a writer employing the thought embodied in that part of "Cæsar's Column" as the skeleton of his otherwise lurid though conventional novel. But while the destruction of London by the air ship of the anarchist Hartman follows as closely as the purpose of the author will permit, the destruction of New York by Mr. Donnelly's air ships, the Englishman's *motif*, character, and aim are in all particulars the reverse of "Cæsar's Column."

Indeed, when considered from a purely literary point of view, this work suffers by comparison, because, although written in good English, "Hartman the Anarchist" lacks originality; and when we keep in mind the idea suggested by "Cæsar's Column" we see little play of imagination. It is lurid without being inspiring, and constantly reminds one of some of the popular tales of the sea, in which the writer is always parading as a hero the only embodiment of virtue and wisdom in sight, marvellously saved in crises which would overwhelm any ordinary mortal, and forever boiling over with righteous indignation at the iniquity of the villains who surround him.

"Cæsar's Column" is a striking social study. Seldom have conditions as they exist, and which to-day menace society, been so ably or graphically described as Mr. Donnelly pictures them in the early pages of this book. His work evinces a high and noble purpose. As I have before pointed out, it is the danger signal which a penetrating mind holds up to present-day civilization—a warning which, if heard, will avert ruin. Mr. Donnelly appreciates the profound truth that it is only through injustice and inhumanity on the part of those who are powerful that the discontents of social revolutionists can be created in such quantity as to be a menace to society; and that, therefore, it is idle to hope for peace, progress, and happiness until the cause of the discontent is removed. He wrote his startling book that it might reveal the real danger of the hour. Greed, avarice, and cunning, if endowed with wisdom, and less absorbed with the idea that money can overcome all obstacles, might be arrested by such a thought-provoking work as "Cæsar's Column," even though the book comes as the handwriting on the wall. This volume is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of discontent which this generation has produced. Its greatness as a work of fiction will be better appreciated after one has read "Hartman the Anarchist."

With the weakness born of imitation visible on almost every page, and utterly ignoring social conditions as they exist, and real social needs, the writer drops into the hackneyed description of the anarchists, industriously put forth by defenders of injustice and class privileges, to act as a bugaboo in frightening the unthinking, and thus preventing them from

peering behind the curtain of real causes. The author of "Hartman" has written for easy-going conventionalism, for soulless plutocracy and indifferent dilettanteism. He has carefully avoided causes, but has sought to excite the public mind against effects as though they were causes.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, OR THE THREEFOLD POWER OF SEX.*

The presentation of this most important of all subjects is one that will be new to many minds, and perhaps readily accepted by few. But to all thoughtful persons it will suggest possibilities of human development and progress that will provoke serious consideration. The writer anticipates in her brief preface that few minds are probably prepared to accept the claims advanced, but expresses her willingness to sow the seed of truth as held by her, "expecting to sleep before the harvest comes." The six basic statements are as follows:—

First. Sex is the fountain of life—of all life, animate, inanimate, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and in all possible cases life is made manifest through the union of the positive and negative, the male and female forces.

Second. While the more external phase of physical life can be lived without bringing into use the laws involved in the intellectual and spiritual, the intellectual and spiritual cannot be *fully* lived without bringing into use the physical as the basis or foundation.

Third. The unknown can be proved by the known.

Fourth. We cannot conceive of that which does not exist.

Fifth. We cannot desire, hunger for that which does not exist. If we could, it would prove that we have capacities which the universe cannot fill—a manifest absurdity.

Sixth. Our thought, our idea of an act—the organs of the brain that are active at the time—this, with our general idea thereof, decides the character of any act which, in and of itself, is neither good nor bad, morally speaking, and also, in a great measure, the nature of the result.

In the claim that sex is the foundation of *all* life, intellectual and spiritual as well as physical, the writer has assumed a radical position antagonistic to the views of perhaps the majority of minds, and to the religious teaching of Christendom, and sects in other religions.

The "purpose in this work is to try to find the highest, purest use of sex—to indicate through the laws of the known the possibilities of its as yet, to us, unknown power." The author proceeds with logical and scientific arguments to indicate what is the physical purity necessary to the highest and purest use of sex. Then it is claimed that the new idea—in contradistinction to the old and prevailing idea that the highest use of sex function is the production of offspring—is "that which points to new, to regenerating life—is that the highest use lies in the perfecting of ourselves, of our physical and spiritual bodies."

That there are three sex centres in the physical organism of man is not a new thought. These centres are the physical in the loins, the

* "The Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex," by Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Perfect Motherhood," "Helen Harlow's Vow," "A Sex Revolution," "Occult Forces of Sex," and other works. The Independent Publishing Co., Topeka, Kan.

affectional in the breast, the intellectual in the brain. Hence the three-fold power of sex must be a physiological and a psychological fact, if we possess what Paul termed a spiritual body: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The central idea of this work is that only the sex relations which are permeated by soul and mind, in which the sex act includes love, and is held in thought to be of use in perfecting ourselves as spiritual beings, can be of highest and purest use; also that such complete sex relations are regenerating. The author asks:—

What does the redemption of our bodies mean? If the spiritual sex centre renews the soul life, will not the same renewing power descend, and permeating the physical generative sex centre, so regenerate the body as to eventually redeem it from the power of death? When spirit permeates every particle of the matter of our bodies regeneratively, then indeed will God be manifest in the flesh.

This subject has been a study of the writer for thirty years, and the experiences of many persons have contributed to her sources of knowledge and insight into the occult forces of sex. This book of 136 pages contains the most conclusive arguments for sexual and social purity, and for the claim of the author that

What is needed is the right to openly and fearlessly investigate everything that pertains to human sex relations, that we may be free to intelligently obey that law or rule of action which leads to the highest good.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.*

This is a well-printed and well-bound volume of short poems. The author is another voice crying in the wilderness of to-day for a higher life. His lines have more ethical than poetic value. A fine spiritual atmosphere pervades the work, and the spirit present is calculated to lift the soul of the reader into a purer state. The following extract from a poem entitled "Progress" shows most admirably the tone of the volume:—

This is an age of progress, wisdom, light,
When Science, soaring, takes an upward flight;
When knowledge, truth, and reason should control
And lift from ignorance the growing soul;
When men of brain and will, by climbing high,
Can pluck the secrets from the starry sky,
Or, delving deep in earth or sea or air,
Can find God's hidden treasures everywhere.
No fields in space so rich and manifold
But Wisdom's key unlocks the shining gold.

Be up and growing! Let some truth divine
Shine on your pathway, o'er the sands of time!
All things are moving, systems roll in space,
Nothing needs progress like the human race.

* "Whisperings of Nature," by Leonard G. Foster. Cloth; pp. 104. Cleveland Book Bindery, Cleveland, O.

Let ignorance play not the coward's part,
 To shut the eyes of mind or chill the heart!
 Let creeds of men, however new or old,
 Cramp not thy intellect or wrong thy soul!
 Truth changes not for bishop, priest, or pope —
 It is the happy harbinger of hope.
 Truth is divine, and like the morning's ray,
 Scatters the darkness and brings in the day —
 It is the bow of promise to the race,
 And those who will may wear an honest face.
 No need of miracles upon this clod
 To make one more a man or less a god.

Here, also, are some characteristic lines from "Destiny," in which the poet breathes the thought of the new time:—

If, in the present, we weave threads of gold,
 Our harvest will be rich and manifold.
 Our feet will walk in paths untrod before;
 Our eyes new objects see, new fields explore;
 Our ears will catch the sound of loved ones dear;
 (But some in silence are too deep to hear;)—
 And yet we feel them near and know they be,
 For spirits mingle like the waves at sea;
 And qualities of body, mind, and soul,
 Are shaped by destiny to reach their goal!
 May God's soul-knowledge greet our inner sense,
 So we may question not Omnipotence!

INDOORS.*

This volume is devoted to interior decoration, and will be of especial interest to designers, architects, and all who are interested in artistic display. No expense has been spared in making an exceptionally superb volume, and for all who cater to the taste of people of means this work will be invaluable.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.†

Only one in whose heart his own childhood still remains active and young could so realistically and entertainingly describe childhood's tendencies. It is a well known fact that a large proportion of those men and women who help the world upward are children of the soil, having been nurtured amidst the hardships of frugal, toilsome farm life. As if in appreciation of this fact, the author has favored us with a most beautiful tribute to one phase of this existence. It relates to "Old-Fashioned School Days," 1800-1825; "The Mid-Century Schools," 1840-1860; "The Country School of To-day," supplemented by "How the Scholars Think and Write." All the mannerisms and minute characteristics, pathetic, sober, and gay, which are a part of the child soul, are woven in story form and serve to make up these studies.

* "Indoors," by Samuel How. Large; cloth; richly illustrated with fine drawings, printed in colors and black and white. Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.

† "The Country School," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Cloth; full gilt edge; pp. 102; price \$2.50; boxed. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The interest of the work is greatly enhanced by numerous exquisite photogravures. So natural are these pictures that the subjects do not impress one as posing. Perfect harmony characterizes the book throughout. The likeness, in soft tints, of a typical country boy, adds to the attractiveness of the cover. The type is large and the printing is on heavy plate paper. Unconscious child humor is evidenced in a large collection of original definitions, some of which are as quaint as the musings of Artemas Ward. The following are a few examples:—

The missionaries went to invert the Indians.

You are contented when you are asleep.

Dirt is something we could not live without.

Desire means to know everything.

Air is a good deal like weather.

Many disadvantages of the country school have been overcome. It also escapes the baleful hothouse methods of forcing the brain at the expense of the physical body, which prevails to such an extent in city schools. The surroundings of the former serve also to preserve a refreshing naturalness, which the atmosphere of the latter in a measure destroys.

Old and young will find this unique book a delight. It should be carefully treasured as embodying a description of New England country life such as has never before been given.

H. C. F.

ART, MUSIC, AND NATURE.*

In these thought scintillations of Professor David Swing, the highly esteemed Chicago divine, we have a brilliantly clear interpretation of these three potent factors so essential to man's development.

It is fitting that this book should come from the home of the "White City," so lately mirrored in Lake Michigan's blue waters; the consummation of the loveliest art ideal which man has yet dreamed. Like a mirage its wondrous beauty is fading away. Many who viewed it for the last time turned aside with tear-dimmed eyes, loth to leave its serene splendor for the tumultuous world outside its gates. In Professor Swing's words: "All in all the scene has been a portrait of man apart from his sins; an amazing picture of man's greatness and goodness, with his vices left out." To us its purity symbolizes the transfiguration of humanity yet to be. We pray that our civilization may not be levelled to the earth through strife and bloodshed, but trust that only through hearts quickened by love will the glorious apotheosis ensue.

In no truer way can the advent of the new era be hastened, than by the appreciative study of art, music, and nature, drawing one as it does to the Heart of the Universe—its Life. It is deplorable that wrong social conditions allow so little time for the masses to enjoy those things which bring out the finest and best in our natures. This beautiful little

* "Art, Music, and Nature." Selections from the writings of David Swing. Cloth binding, in white, gold, and silver; pp. 67; price \$1. Searle and Gorton, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

book, in its white, silver, and gold cover, has for its frontispiece, a speaking picture of Professor Swing. The work will strongly appeal to all lovers of nature and the fine arts.

H. C. F.

WOODIE THORPE'S PILGRIMAGE AND OTHER STORIES.*

To see life as it is, and depict it by easy and truthful touches, is a high attainment. Mr. Trowbridge has abundantly vindicated his claim to a place among the writers to whom readers attribute the grace and power of naturalness. "Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage," "Uncle Caleb's Roan Colt," "Lost on the Tide," etc., are all stories of deep interest, which one will follow with attention. The book does not preach, but conveys some salutary lessons.

There is many and many a volume written for boys, but they are not all alike beneficial; therefore the standard writers, to which class belongs Mr. Trowbridge, may undisputed claim a kingdom whose reigning motto is manliness. This volume makes the third of the "Toby Trafford Series."

A GENERAL OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.†

It is the aim of this small book to bring the subject of civil government within the reach of that large class of students who desire to complete their school work in the shortest time possible.

There are many good text-books on the subject which require from two to three terms to complete; but the press of other important studies is so great that there is a demand for a treatise which may be completed in a single term, with perhaps but two recitations a week. With this object in view, the author has accomplished the difficult task of securing the greatest brevity with the least loss of the qualities of a good text-book. Much of the comment on different institutions is left to the teacher, who will know best how to economize time as the case of his class requires. The frequent mention of books for a further study of the subject will be of great assistance to teachers and students. With the idea in mind that the object in teaching is to get the student to do, and do well, the work in hand, the author has endeavored to render the study as suggestive as possible.

The plan of the work is very simple, beginning with Part I., The State and the Government. Part II., The United States and the Departments of Government. Part III., The States and Territories. Part IV., Counties, Townships, Cities, Towns, etc. Part V., The Constitution of the United States — supplemented by a series of questions on each part.

While prepared primarily as a text-book for the use of teachers and pupils, yet the information given here should be in possession of all who

* "Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage" and other stories, by J. F. Trowbridge. Cloth; illustrated; pp. 270; price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "A General Outline of Civil Government in the United States," by Clinton D. Higby, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 134; price 30 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

desire to be good citizens, and who wish to take an intelligent interest in public affairs. Nowhere can the matter be found in more compact form suitable for general use.

CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.*

Probably the most important book published during the closing months of 1893 was this new work issued by the Arena Publishing Company. It will be fully reviewed in a later number of THE ARENA, and, therefore, at the present time I merely wish to call attention to its character and general contents.

The gathering known as the World's Parliament or Congress of Religions, held in Chicago during the World's Fair, was in many respects the most remarkable gathering ever assembled since man first fronted the sky with a question in his mind and a hope budding in his soul. It was the first ecumenical council the world had ever seen—the first time, when from east and west, from north and south, there assembled together representatives of earth's great religions (if we except a few high evangelicals of Christendom), not for the purpose of discord, or with a desire to belittle those who have found food for the highest in their natures, in other faiths, but to set before each other, as brother would tell brother, the message God has given to humanity, or which the divine in the human soul has dreamed of God and the hereafter in lofty moments when the chosen ones of earth have striven most earnestly to rise into the pure atmosphere of spiritual life.

Akaba's dream, which the great oriental tried to realize and in a small way did realize, found a more perfect expression in this glorious conference of the representatives of the world's great religions than ever before. Its importance was felt at the time by thoughtful people, but not until it was over did America's millions appreciate the importance of the congress. Then the cry came for a work embodying the message of the world's great religions as given in this council. It was found that an association had been formed to bring out two large volumes containing the record of the congress, but that these books would be sold only by subscription, and at a price which would render it impossible for the masses to afford it, the cheapest edition being \$5. This naturally occasioned general disappointment, and a demand was made for a popular and yet authentic work which should meet the requirements of millions of thoughtful people, who have not the time to wade through thousands of pages of speeches and addresses, nor the money to purchase books costing from five to ten dollars.

To meet the general demand, the Arena Publishing Company has, with the consent of the Parliament Publishing Company, issued this popular work, which gives the proceedings of the opening and closing sermons of the council *verbatim*, thus giving the reader a perfect pic-

* Congress of Religions," with introduction by Rev. M. J. Savage. Fp. 400; price, cloth \$1.50, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

ture of one of the most unique spectacles man has ever witnessed—a picture in which the representatives of earth's great religions united in welcome greeting, and loving farewell.

These two great gatherings are given *verbatim*, while in twenty-nine interesting chapters are given absolutely *verbatim* reports of the greatest and most representative papers or addresses which were delivered—the papers which most clearly set forth the views, aims, and mission of the great faiths, and which are immensely valuable as contributions to the present literature of the world. It is important to remember that these addresses are in full, and exactly as given. The work is the ablest and most complete consensus of the higher and finer religious thought of the world which has ever been given to humanity in a small compass, or at a price within the reach of people of moderate means.

An impressive introduction has been written for this volume by Rev. M. J. Savage. In order to give the readers of THE ARENA a better idea of the nature and scope of this volume of over four hundred pages, we give the

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- I. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—Address of welcome, Rev. John Henry Barrows; other addresses, by Archbishop Feehan, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, President H. N. Higinbotham, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Most Rev. Dionysius Latas (Archbishop of Zante), Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar, Honorable Pung Quang Yu, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, Right Rev. Renchi Shibata, Count A. Bernstorff of Germany, Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand, H. Dharmapala of Ceylon, Carl von Bergen of Sweden, Professor Minaz Scherez, Professor C. N. Chakravarti, of India, Suani Vive Kananda, of Bombay, Principal Grant, of Canada, Miss Jeanne Serabji, of Bombay, representative of the Parsees, B. B. Nargarkar, of Bombay, Rev. Alfred W. Momerle, D. D., Bishop Arnett, President C. C. Bonney.
- II. ANCIENT RELIGIONS.—The Ancient Egyptian Religion, J. A. S. Grant (Bey); The Greek Philosophy and the Christian Religion, Professor Max Müller.
- III. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Needs of Humanity Supplied by the Catholic Religion, Cardinal Gibbons; Incarnation in History and in Jesus Christ, Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D.
- IV. WOMAN'S WORK.—A White Life for Two, Miss Frances E. Willard; The Worship of God in Man, Elizabeth Stanton; Theosophy and Social Problems, Mrs. Annie Besant; The Women of India, Miss Jeanne Serabji; What is Religion? Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; letter from Lady Henry Somerset.
- V. THE JEWISH CHURCH.—Orthodox or Historical Judaism, Rabbi H. Peirira Mendes; Theology of Judaism, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise; The Voice of the Mother of Religions on Social Questions, Rabbi H. Berkowitz.
- VI. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—Christianity and Evolution, Professor Henry Drummond; The Religion of Science, Sir William Dawson, F. R. S.
- VII. RELIGIOUS UNITY OF THE RACE.—The Reunion of Christendom, Professor Philip Schaff, D. D.; Elements of Universal Religion, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch; Primitive and Prospective Religious Union of the Human Family, Rev. John Gmeiner.
- VIII. THE HINDUS.—The Hindu Faith, Suani Vive Kananda.
- IX. THE BUDDHISTS.—The World's Debt to Buddha, H. Dharmapala; The History of Buddhism and its Sects in Japan, Horin Toki; The Buddhism of Siam, H. R. H. Prince Chandradit Chodharbarn.
- X. THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ.—Spiritual Ideas of the Brahmo-Somaj, B. R. Nargarkar; New Religion of India, P. C. Mozoomdar.
- XI. THE UNIVERSALISTS.—The Religious Intent, Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D.

- XII. THE PRESBYTERIANS. — Truthfulness of Holy Scriptures, Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D. D.
- XIII. THE BAPTISTS. — The Baptists in History, Rev. George C. Lorimer.
- XIV. THE UNITARIANS. — Spiritual Forces in Human Progress, Rev. Edward Everett Hale.
- XV. THE CONGREGATIONALISTS. — Religion Essentially Characteristic of Humanity — Man Seeking God, God Seeking Man, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.
- XVI. ZOROASTER. — Belief and Ceremonies of Followers of Zoroaster, Jinanji Jamshodji Modi, Parsee.
- XVII. THE GREEK CHURCH. — Greek Church Characteristics, Rev. P. Phiamolis.
- XVIII. SYNTHETIC RELIGION. — Synthetic Religion, Kinza R. Hirai.
- XIX. RELIGION AND WEALTH. — Religion and Wealth, Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.
- XX. THE MOHAMMEDANS. — The Influence of Social Condition, Mohammed Alexander Webb.
- XXI. SHINTOISM. — Shintoism, Rt. Rev. Renchi Shibata.
- XXII. THE CONFUCIANS. — Confucianism, Kung Hsien Ho.
- XXIII. THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS DEBT TO ASIA. — The World's Religious Debt to Asia, P. C. Mozoomdar.
- XXIV. THE ARMENIAN CHURCH. — The Armenian Church, Professor Minaz Scherez.
- XXV. THE WORLD'S SACRED BOOKS. — The Need of a Wider Conception of Revelation, or Lessons from the Sacred Books of the World, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter.
- XXVI. THE JAINS. — The Ethics and History of the Jains, Vichand A. Ghandi.
- XXVII. THE HISTORIC CHRIST. — The Historic Christ, Rt. Rev. T. W. Dudley, Bishop of Kentucky.
- XXVIII. CHRISTIANITY AND THE NEGRO. — Christianity and the Negro, Bishop B. W. Arnett.
- XXIX. THE SWEDENBORGIANS. — Swedenborg and the Harmony of Religions, Rev. L. P. Mercer.
- XXX. COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY. The Study of Comparative Theology, Professor C. P. Tiele.
- XXXI. FAREWELL. — Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, D. D., Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar, Prince Serge Wolkonski, Kinza Ringe M. Hirai, Honorable Pung Quang Yu, Rt. Rev. Mr. Shibata, H. Dharmapala, Rev. George T. Candlin, Suani Vive Kananda, Vichand Ghandi, Prince Momolu Masaquoi, Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, Dr. Emil Hirsch, President Rev. Dr. Frank Bristol, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Rev. Augusta Chapin, Julia Ward Howe, Bishop Arnett, Rt. Rev. Dr. J. J. Keane, Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, President C. C. Bonney; prayer, Rabbi Hirsch; benediction, Bishop Keane.

The price of this volume in paper is only fifty cents, or handsomely bound in cloth, \$1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"IMMORTELLLES, IN LOVING MEMORY OF ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE." Selected and arranged by Rose Porter. Cloth; pp. 181; price \$1. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"ELSIE AND OTHER POEMS," by Robert Beverly Hale. Cloth; pp. 104; price \$1. Published by R. B. Hale & Co., 3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

"A GENERAL OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT," by Clinton D. Higby, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 133; price 30 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"WOODIE THORPE'S PILGRIMAGE," by J. T. Trowbridge. Cloth; pp. 269; price \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"SUCH AS THEY ARE: POEMS," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Cloth; pp. 74; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"DREAM LIFE AND REAL LIFE," by Olive Schreiner. Cloth; pp. 91; price 60 cents. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS," by Helen Campbell. Cloth; pp. 312; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"A NATURAL SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY," by William Hyde, B. A., B. D. Cloth; pp. 653. Published by Fowler & Wells Company, Publishers, 27 East Twenty-First Street, New York City, N. Y.

"THE DELECTABLE DUCHY," by "Q." Cloth; pp. 320; price \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND RECENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT," by Charles A. Whittuck, M. A. Cloth; pp. 308; price \$2. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"POLICE AND PRISON CYCLOPEDIA," by George W. Hale. Cloth; pp. 792. Published by The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"VAGRANT FANCIES," by Frances Grant Teetzel. Cloth; pp. 65. Published by the Author, Milwaukee.

"THROUGH THICK AND THIN," by Molly Elliot Seawell. Cloth; pp. 215; price \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE SOUL OF THE BISHOP," by John Strange Winter. Cloth; pp. 310; price \$1.25. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

"PARLIAMENTARY TACTICS FOR THE USE OF THE PRESIDING OFFICER," Arranged by Harry W. Hoot. Cloth; pp. 51; price 50 cents. Published by The Scientific Publishing Co., New York.

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE," by Everett W. Fish, M. D. Paper; pp. 242; price 50 cents. Published by the Author, St. Paul, Minn.

"THE MONISM OF MAN, OR THE UNITY OF THE DIVINE AND HUMAN," by David Allyn Gorton, M. D. Cloth; pp. 297. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

"STEPHEN MITCHELL'S JOURNEY," by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy). Cloth; pp. 347; price \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE LOVER'S YEAR-BOOK OF POETRY," by Horace Parker Chandler. Vols. 1 and 2. Cloth; pp. 253 and 278; price \$2.50. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"SPIRIT OF THE BIBLICAL LEGISLATION," by Rev. Maurice Fluegel. Cloth; pp. 248. Published by Press of the Sun Book and Job Printing Office, Baltimore.

"CHRISTOFORO COLON," by Oscar A. Fllesburg and Lewis P. Johnson. Cloth; pp. 101; price, paper \$1.75, cloth \$2.25. Published by the Swedish-American Book Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"THE INADEQUACY OF NATURAL SELECTION," by Herbert Spencer. Paper; pp. 69. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"A COMEDY OF MASKS," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. Paper; pp. 304; price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"A CYNIC'S SACRIFICE," A Novel, by Lewis Vital Bogy. Paper; pp. 310. Published by G. W. Dillingham, Publishers, New York.

"HARTMAN THE ANARCHIST," by E. Douglas Fawcett. Cloth; pp. 214; price \$1.25. Published by Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W. C., London, Eng.

"SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY," by Orville W. Owen, M. D. Paper; pp. 198; price 50 cents. Published by Howard Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

"RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper. Published by Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"HYPNOTISM; ITS FACTS, THEORIES, AND RELATED PHENOMENA," by Carl Sextus. Cloth; pp. 304; price \$2. Published by Carl Sextus, Chicago, Ill.

"INDOORS," by Samuel How. Cloth; pp. 38. Published by Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.

"WHISPERINGS OF NATURE," by Leonard G. Foster. Cloth; pp. 104. Published by Cleveland Book Bindery, Cleveland, O.

"WAYSIDE JOTTINGS," by Mattie E. Hull. Cloth; pp. 208. Published by Moses Hull & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE REAL ISSUE," by Moses Hull. Paper; pp. 100; price 25 cents. Published by Vincent Brothers Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"LA POLD AND EURIDICE," by Washington A. Engle, M. D. Cloth; pp. 300. Published by Washington A. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

"JOHN BOYD'S ADVENTURES," by Thomas W. Knox. Cloth; pp. 303; price \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE BOYS OF GREENWAY COURT," by Hezekiah Butterworth. Cloth; pp. 296; price \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MEMOIRS," by Charles Godfrey Leland. Cloth; pp. 438; price \$2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"DUFFELS," by Edward Eggleston. Cloth; pp. 262; price \$1.25. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MINIATURES FROM BALZAC'S MASTERPIECES," by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill. Cloth; pp. 104; price 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE STORY OF WASHINGTON," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye. Cloth; pp. 382; price \$1.75. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"METHOD AND RESULTS: ESSAYS," by Thomas H. Huxley. Cloth; pp. 430; price 1.25. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE COUNTRY SCHOOL IN NEW ENGLAND," by Clifton Johnson. Cloth; pp. 102; price \$2.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, FROM HIS ELECTION TO CONGRESS TO THE PRESENT TIME." Cloth; pp. 604; price \$2. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"MADEMOISELLE MISS," by Henry Harland. Cloth; pp. 192; price \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"A DARING EXPERIMENT AND OTHER STORIES," by Lillie Devereux Blake. Cloth; pp. 360; price \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"TALKS BY QUEER FOLKS," by Mary E. Bamford. Pp. 179; price, cloth \$1.50, boards \$1.25. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"THE CHILD'S DAY BOOK." Arranged and Compiled by Margaret Sidney. Price 50 cents. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FORWARD.

LET THE FORCES OF PROGRESS UNITE.

SINCE publishing the papers entitled "Union for Practical Progress," and "How to Rally the Hosts of Freedom," we have received great numbers of communications urging the formation of societies and the inauguration of plans of work for the union of all earnest men and women who desire practical reformatory progress, along broad and tolerant lines.

It has been thought best to begin organized or systematic work in some one of the great Eastern cities, and from that move on to other places. In this way a great movement can be started and carried forward in the various centres of population, in which thoughtful men and women who love humanity, and who appreciate the importance of practical work and educational methods may unite in a campaign against evil and injustice and their results, as found in poverty, degradation, and crime in our land to-day. From its inception THE ARENA has striven to arouse the conscience of our people, and to urge education and practical measures for concerted work. That the time has arrived for those who love their race to move forward along these lines there can be little doubt. The harvest is white; the cause of humanity demands organization and the moral support which comes with united exertion.

For special reasons it has been felt that the city of Baltimore would be the best place to open this great work, full details of which will be given later; and from Baltimore it is proposed to carry the movement into other great cities. It is intended to form societies for practical reformatory work, to be composed of those of all faiths who love humanity in a vital way, who desire to bring about justice and happier conditions, and who are willing to help those needing aid. Working girls' clubs, clubs for industrial workers and other organizations will be formed, programmes for educational work will be given, and a general movement inaugurated looking toward organizing the reform forces and pushing practical measures for the uplifting and improving of the people, for hastening social and economic reforms, and for the general education of men and women upon problems vital to social and economic progress. It is the intention to send lecturers and organizers to cities where earnest people are willing to aid in meeting the expenses of such work; and it is believed that by efforts of this kind an educational work of inconceivable value will be originated.

In this way reform forces can be united, practical measures effectively carried out, and the spirit of bitterness, now so rapidly increasing throughout all our great centres, owing to injustice and despair, will give place to a finer emotion, inspired by hope, love, and the realization that by united effort a grand evolutionary reformation, based on justice, can be successfully carried out. We urge all persons interested in this great movement to write us. A full outline of the work will be given in our next issue, and it is our purpose to devote several pages of THE ARENA each month to this great crusade against injustice and evil. We shall also note the progress of the movement throughout the land, and thus keep all earnest men and women acquainted with the news relating to the work. The hour has arrived for a union of forces; the clock is striking; humanity is ready for another upward step. Conventionalism may retard, she cannot prevent, the movement. Every earnest man and woman who loves God and humanity may help in this work, whose influence for good will be felt not only to-day, but in the centuries yet to come.

Some Important Papers for the February Arena.

It is our intention to publish in the February ARENA, among other papers of special interest, the following:—

"Manual Training versus the Old Method of Education" (second paper in our Educational Series), by Arnold H. Heinemann.

"Marvels of Electricity," by Professor J. R. Buchanan.

"Honest and Dishonest Money," by Congressman John Davis.

"They Have Fallen into the Wine Press: or, A Glimpse at the Onward March of Uninvited Poverty," by the Editor of THE ARENA.

"The Right of Eminent Domain," by Edward Osgood Brown.

"Among the Adepts of Serinagur," Part II., by Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt.

"The New Bible," by Rev. F. B. Vrooman or Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. (being the third of our papers by leading orthodox scholars on the Higher Criticism).

"Pre-natal Culture," by Dr. Sydney B. Elliot (No. 1 of our series on "The Generation of To-morrow").

"The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It," by Paul Tyner.

"The Ascent of Life," Part III., by Stinson Jarvis.

"A Symposium on Rational Dress," by Mrs. Frances E. Russell, chairman of the dress committee of the National Council of Women, and other prominent ladies. This paper will be handsomely illustrated, and will be the most interesting contribution on this subject which has appeared in any magazine.

True Education.

A series of papers on this theme, which will prove almost as valuable to thoughtful parents as to educators, will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894. The opening paper appears in this issue, and is from the pen of the talented sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, whose fine statue of Hamilton, recently unveiled in Brooklyn, called forth such well merited praise from critics. I think it is about a year since a lady who is a prominent

author and a leading authority in economic matters, came into my office, saying, "I wish you would go with me across the street to the Back Bay Art Museum to see a Madonna, which, to my mind, reflects the ideal woman, mother, wife, and sister—the redeemer of to-morrow." I gladly complied with my friend's request and found myself much in her debt for calling my attention to a piece of work which was on exhibition for a short time only. This Madonna was no waxen-faced maiden, who might be innocent, but upon whom none of the light of knowledge, which strengthens character and awakens the brain, had fallen. It was clear, pure, loving, and *strong*. It expressed the beauty of past conceptions, wedded to the larger view of woman which prevails among the best minds of to-day. It was the work of William Ordway Partridge, an American sculptor, a man whose brain is luminous with high and noble thoughts, a thinker and worker for the welfare of humanity. Mr. Partridge is intensely interested in social and economic progress, and, as will be seen from his masterly paper in this issue, is fully awake to the tremendous influence of education. Our readers will be charmed and helped by this admirable paper.

In the February ARENA I hope to publish a very able paper which has been prepared for us by the talented author of "Froebel's Letters," Mr. A. H. Heinemann, dealing with the Sloyd system of training. It is entitled, "Manual Training *versus* the Old Method of Education," and will be No. 2 of our educational series.

The Relation of the Land Question to Literature and Art.

Our second paper in the series of discussions on the land question, which opened in the December ARENA, and which will be continued from issue to issue during the ensuing year, is this month prepared by Hamlin Garland. As I have indicated in a footnote, the article was originally prepared as an address, and delivered before the Actors' Order of Friendship in New York. There is a

certain directness of style used in an address not present in an essay, and since it gives variety to the discussions which appear in a magazine, I requested the author to retain this style in the article instead of changing it when he revised the paper for publication. Each month during the ensuing year there will appear a brilliant paper on the land question covering some phase of the problem, or discussing it from some special point of view, the whole series forming a comprehensive presentation of this important theme by twelve or more leading specialists. The series will be absolutely essential to all students of social problems, and one of the most remarkable contributions for the discussion of vital questions which has appeared in years.

Robert F. Horton, M. A., on The New Bible.

Mr. Horton's Yale lectures, delivered last year, greatly increased his circle of admirers on this side of the Atlantic, although his work on the higher criticism had enjoyed a large circulation prior to that time. In England he is ranked among the most able and thoughtful orthodox thinkers who stand for the new movement. In this issue of THE ARENA appears his contribution to our series on "The Higher Criticism." The February number will contain a paper by Rev. F. B. Vrooman, or one by Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. Both these papers are exceptionally able.

The Ascent of Life.

In this issue appears the second of Stinson Jarvis' papers in his brilliant series on "The Ascent of Life," a discussion which is bright, crisp, entertaining, and wonderfully stimulating to thought. Moreover, it deals with a subject which appeals to earnest men and women at the present time with peculiar force, coming as it does at a period of transition in religious thought.

Silver in England.

In this issue Congressman John Davis contributes the second of his series of papers on the money question. Mr.

Davis, in dealing with great passages in the financial history of the world, and calling the attention of untrained minds to important facts in relation to this subject, is doing a work which has long been needed. His papers will not please apologists for special privileges, or the defenders of a system of finance by which men acquire wealth without earning it; but for those who wish to see justice prevail, and all class privilege abolished they will prove most interesting.

The February ARENA will contain a discussion on the subject of "Honest and Dishonest Money." It is a contribution of special merit, and will prove valuable to thoughtful people who are anxious to understand the money question for themselves rather than take their opinions from those who make a living by changing money, or their apologists.

Two Important Papers Crowded Out.

Professor J. R. Buchanan's striking paper on "The Marvels of Electricity," and Paul Tyner's on "The Sixth Sense and How To Develop It" are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. I shall try to make place for both in the February number. They are remarkable contributions, and will prove of special interest to our readers.

Miss Savage's Story.

I wish to call special attention to the admirable story by Miss Gertrude Savage in this issue of THE ARENA. In "The Scissors-Grin &c," the author has given us a unique and withal striking sketch, and one which in many respects is out of the common run of short stories.

The Divorce of Man from Nature.

Very suggestive is the paper by Miss Anna R. Weeks, found in this issue. The author belongs to that magnificent *coterie* of women of the new time who are thinking, writing, and working for a brighter to-morrow.

Rabbi Schindler on Natural Monopolies and the State.

In this issue will be found the first of a series of most important papers by

Rabbi Schindler on what are popularly termed "Natural Monopolies." The eminent Rabbi will discuss the relation which these monopolies bear to the state. These papers will be very helpful to our people. No careful observer can fail to see that these questions will be leading issues in the political arena in the near future.

Receipts for Mr. Daniel's Work.

I very much regret that we have not a larger amount to report for Mr. Daniel's magnificent work in the slums of Philadelphia. The following sums have been received and forwarded to Mr. Daniel: A workman, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10; Miss A. C. Parmelee, Malone, N. Y., \$5; W. H. Armstrong, Milford, Pa., \$2; a friend, Boston, Mass., \$2; F. E. McCall, Pontiac, Mich., \$2; Sarah Fisher, Montreal, Can., 50 cents. Total, \$21.50.

Amount previously received and forwarded, as per December ARENA, \$53.25. Total, \$74.75.

Mr. Lugrin's Stricture on the People's Party.

On the sixth page of Mr. C. H. Lugrin's suggestive paper occur some statements which I think are calculated to mislead the reader in regard to the People's movement. I do not mean to imply that the accomplished author consciously misrepresents, but by reflecting a popular idea which results from constant misstatements by the partisan press of the People's movement. Neither representative Populists nor the rank and file of the party connive or desire the repudiation of any just debt incurred in the past. They do, however, call for a halt in special privileges, injustice, and all class legislation, and for the repeal of laws passed in the interest of coöperative syndicates and trusts.

Another point worthy of notice is found in Mr. Lugrin's fear that Populist success would cause distrust among foreign capitalists and check further investments in this country. To my mind it would be difficult to conceive of a greater blessing to the country than the checking of these investments, which are despoiling the republic that foreign usurers may fatten

on the work of Americans. To me it is evident that unless the hand of the landlord, both foreign and American, be released from the throat of industry, the hour is at hand when the republic will pass into a state in some respects more hopeless than that of the Roman Republic when the Patricians became the absolute masters of a government which still boasted that it was a republic.

Such Things Should Not Be.

Below I give a recent news despatch:—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOV. 24. — Myra L. Weed, wife of Benjamin Weed of West Indianapolis, died yesterday of starvation. The husband had been *out of work for almost six months*. They had nothing to eat, and the neighbors did not discover her condition *until it was too late*.

Among the Adepts of Serinagur.

In this issue we publish the first part of Dr. Hensoldt's remarkable paper, entitled "Among the Adepts of Serinagur." The concluding part, in which he recounts the marvels witnessed, will appear in THE ARENA for February. These papers are of special value, coming as they do from a mind trained to careful observation by modern scientific methods, but which is singularly free from that offensive dogmatism which characterizes the work of so many psychic scientists. There is a beauty about the simple and candid style of the German student which must impress every reader favorably, irrespective of the subject matter discussed. Never before has there appeared so remarkable a series of papers dealing with Indian occultism and the subtleties of Eastern metaphysics; it is unique in many ways. Heretofore, those who have discussed these problems sympathetically have lacked the previous training which gives special value to the observations of a scientist skilled in modern critical research. They have, moreover, frequently veiled their utterance in mystery, and in other ways resorted to methods suggestive of a desire to impress the credulous rather than convince the honest sceptic. Dr. Hensoldt's papers have a special value, and are sure to prove very helpful contributions to honest and intelligent seekers after truth.

The Voice as an Index to the Soul.

Dr. James R. Cocke pursues a little-travelled highway in his interesting and suggestive paper on "The Voice as an Index to the Soul." As he states in the opening paragraph, owing to loss of sight when he was less than a year old, he has had an advantage in the way of studying the voice which few have enjoyed. Dr. Cocke is, I believe, the only person who, being entirely bereft of sight, has passed successfully through the same rigid schooling which those who see are compelled to pass in our leading medical institutions. He graduated with a remarkably high percentage from the Boston University School of Medicine (homœopathic), after which he took a post graduate course in Harvard Medical School (allopathic). Few men have had a finer medical education than this brilliant young man, and, though deprived of sight, he has a wonderful touch, so sensitive as to enable him to diagnose disease with remarkable accuracy. A third paper by Dr. Cocke, entitled "Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine," will appear at an early date.

Edœology.

I hope in February to publish the first of two papers by Dr. Sydney Barrington Elliot on "Prenatal Culture," a subject of great importance to persons who are awake to the responsibilities of the to-morrow of the race. In this connection I would call attention to a new edition of "Edœology," which The Arena Publishing Company have just issued. It is by far the most instructive work on prenatal culture ever written. I have noticed it once in THE ARENA, but intend reviewing it fully at an early date, believing as I do that it is our duty to arouse our people to the importance of the great problem so ably and delicately handled by the author of this work.

The Arena Club in New Orleans.

I have from time to time called attention to the magnificent work being carried on by Mrs. Dr. James Ferguson, the founder and president of the Arena Club of New Orleans. This thoughtful

and sincere woman established the club and has succeeded in making it a power for the cause of brave, able, and vital thought in that city. At intervals leading thinkers address the club on various timely or live themes. Dr. Joseph Holt recently delivered a masterly oration before its members on "Science and the Parliament of Religions," which was published in full in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* of December 7, with this prefatory note:—

The lecture of Dr. Joseph Holt on "Science and the Parliament of Religions," before the Arena Club Tuesday evening, was pronounced by the critical audience present to be an able and brilliant effort. The Arena Club has had some of the leading men of the city lecture before it, and its objects are being accomplished in the most profitable and delightful manner. Article II. of the constitution explains the scope of the club. It says:—

ART. II.—The objects of the Arena Club shall be the endeavor to increase good fellowship among women and men; to properly educate the moral, mental, and physical faculties of its members; to disseminate a knowledge of the laws that should govern life in all its relations, and, whenever occasion demands, to take such private or public action as shall serve the best interests of both sexes.

The *States* also published the lecture in full. Thus not only the thoughtful audience who thronged the Arena Club of New Orleans were enabled to enjoy the address, but a wider audience, an audience of probably over fifty thousand people, was treated to the advanced views given by Dr. Holt, who without the organization of this club would possibly never have been so educated and entertained.

I cite this to show what may be done if a few earnest people in any community will unite for this helpful educational work. The influence of such action will not only be felt in our time, but it will also yield a rich harvest in the thought force and intellectual bent of the generation of to-morrow. Friends, be up and doing! To-day is yours. But perhaps the opportunity you enjoy now to help the world onward will have departed by to-morrow. Every one can do something, and the work of Mrs. Ferguson is a striking illustration of what may be accomplished in every city and town in America.

Knowing that our readers will be interested in the personality of this earnest twentieth-century woman, I give the following from a notice of her work which appeared in the *Woman's Column* in a recent issue of the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARENA CLUB.

There is not a finer or more unostentatious thinker in all New Orleans than Mrs. Dr. James Ferguson, the president and founder of the Arena Club. Mrs. Ferguson has a rarely logical mind. She is, so far as the writer knows—and it is a friendship that has ripened over years—as absolutely free from snobbishness, from prejudice, from injustice, as it is possible for a woman to be. Whatever the work in hand, she thinks only on that, not who shall have the first or the second place; and she is as intolerant as Carlyle of tuft hunting.

During the past few years this wide-ideal woman has been slowly but surely cementing to her side numbers of the most sensible, progressive, and earnest men and women in New Orleans. Really, she did not stop to estimate their "society" values and whether they were clerks in stores, drivers of drays, clergymen in pulpits, judges on benches, or owners of opera boxes. It was, instead, the old, beautiful story of the ethics of the dust—the crystals coming together, because they needed each other. Mrs. Ferguson lives daintily and simply in a suite of rooms at 150 Julia Street, and on Monday nights she and her scholarly husband are hosts to a roomful of the best people in New Orleans. Often there will be a cup of tea with a biscuit, and the talk is high and the thinking is high, and people who want to pursue a subject are not pestered with recitations by geniuses who can't recite, nor made to listen to the twitterings of birds who can't sing, but who will anyhow. At the meetings of the Arena Club fine lectures have been given, and the wisest men and women in town are now honored to be invited to attend these club lectures, where you are not committed to any creed, or likely to fall into the mental clutches of any fanatic.

Mr. Garland's Lectures.

In response to several invitations from literary centres in the South and West, who are alive to the new movement in literature and art, Mr. Garland will probably travel through those sections early in the spring, and I would take this opportunity to suggest to those of our readers who desire to awaken an interest in the new and vital thought as it relates to literature and art, that they communicate with Mr. Garland, as he, more than any

other young writer, stands for that thought which rests on *truth in art*; the movement of which Ibsen and Tolstoi are the most conspicuous representatives in Europe.

A recent issue of the *Review of Reviews* thus comments on Mr. Garland's work:—

Mr. Hamlin Garland has a privilege which can belong to comparatively few literary workers—that of being the exponent and forerunner of a movement far larger than the possible achievement of any single man or woman. His vigorous faith in the future of a great Mississippi Valley literature stirs the pulse of every person born or living between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, and commands the attention of all who are interested in American letters. Mr. Garland is not sectional; the literature he represents and foretells is great because America is great, not because the Father of Waters flows through a fertile region; great, above all, because it is striving to understand and truthfully reveal the "human heart by which we live."

Mr. Garland lectures on "The Modern Novel," "Impressionism in Painting," "The Drift of the Drama," and other vital subjects in the same lines. He represents the new movement in literature and art, and he stands for social and economic progress. His wide acquaintance with the leading impressionistic painters of America and all the leading writers in our land who are dealing in literature as realists or veritists, enables him to discuss these problems in a more comprehensive and authoritative manner than almost any other thinker among our people.

I would suggest that clubs, societies, and groups of persons interested in the subjects discussed by Mr. Garland correspond with him.

Civilization's Inferno.

The second edition of "Civilization's Inferno" is practically exhausted. The sale of this work has been remarkable, and indicates how widespread is the interest of thoughtful people in one of the gravest problems confronting our nation.

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for December 10, in speaking of this work, says:—

It has marvellous power in telling a tale of woe which constitutes a part of modern civilization.

Two Beautiful Volumes.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball have just issued Mr. Garland's volume of poems, noticed elsewhere, and "Main-Travelled Roads" in uniform style and binding. These volumes make a handsome set, bound in sage green and stamped in gold; large golden stalks of Indian corn cover the sides and back, making a rich and unique binding. The price per volume is \$1.25, or \$2.50 for the set. These works are bound to enjoy the large sale they merit, and Messrs. Stone & Kimball are to be congratulated on the beauty of the volumes they are publishing.

Union for Practical Progress.

The movement now in progress to unite the moral workers in our land along practical lines of work must result in a quickening of the nobler impulses in millions of lives. The hour has arrived for a great movement, broad and tolerant in essence, a movement wide as humanity's needs and permeated by the spirit of the Golden Rule. Education and justice, these must be the ultimate, while present help must be extended to the sinking, and the cultivation of the spirit of love must characterize these glorious works.

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